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## SIR THOMAS MORE AS A TRANSLATOR OF THE BIBLE

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In his controversy with Tyndale Sir Thomas More expressed himself in favour of a vernacular translation of the Bible "by some good catholike and well learned man, or by dyuers diuiding the labour among them",<sup>1</sup> provided that it was "alowed and approued by the ordinaries" and that its distribution was reserved in the diocesan bishops' hands. Until the Church should see fit to authorize an orthodox translation, More recommends that "unlearned people" should read "suche englishe bookes as moste may noryshe and encrease deuocion. Of which kind is Bonauenture of the lyfe of Christe, Gerson of the folowing of Christ & the deuoute contemplatiue booke of *Scala perfectionis* wyth suche other lyke."<sup>2</sup> These books quote freely from Scripture. It was Hilton's way to cite first the Vulgate text, and to follow it by a translation of his own. In the religious treatises which More wrote in the Tower he conforms to this traditional practice.

Twelve years earlier, in or about 1522, when fortune still favoured

<sup>1</sup> *Workes*, p. 245F. Throughout this article I quote from *The workes of Sir Thomas More, wrytten by him in the Englysh tonge*. London, 1557.

<sup>2</sup> 356D. The work which More attributes to Gerson is the *De Imitatione Christi*. Walter Hilton's *Scale of Perfection*, written about 1395, was first printed by W. de Worde in 1494.

him and, recently knighted, he was rising rapidly in the King's service, More had written his grave treatise *De quatuor nouissimis*, commonly known as *The Four Last Things*. Professor A. W. Reed describes it as "a first draft rapidly written" and "not prepared for the press".<sup>1</sup> It is doubtful whether More at that time intended it for publication; the allusion to the judicial murder of the Duke of Buckingham would have made publication impolitic, even though Buckingham is not named. It was first printed in the splendid folio which his nephew, William Rastell, Sergeant-at-Law, edited in 1557. More intended it for other eyes than his own, or he would not have needed to translate his many citations from the Vulgate; probably, as Professor Reed suggests, he meant it to be read "by some of the members of his school or circle". The Bible translations in *The Four Last Things* are the more interesting because they precede Tyndale's New Testament<sup>2</sup> by three years and probably owe nothing to any previous translation.

A familiar passage from St. Matthew's Gospel (vi. 26, 32-3) is rendered by More:

loke upon the byrdes in the ayre, they neither sow nor repe, nor gather to no barns, & your heavenly father feedeth them. Are not ye far more excellent then thei? Your father in heuen knoweth that ye haue nede of al these thynges. Seke ye fyrste for the kingdom of heuen & the iustice of hym (*et iustitiam ejus*), & al these thynges shalbe cast unto you beside (*adjicientur vobis*).<sup>3</sup>

This may be compared with Tyndale's version:

Beholde the foules of the ayer: for they sowe not, nether reepe, nor yet cary in to the barnes: and yet youre hevenly father fedeth them. Are ye not moche better then they? . . . For youre hevenly father knoweth that ye have neade of all these thynges. But rather seke ye fyrst the kyngdome of heuen and the rightwisnes therof, and all these thynges shalbe ministred vnto you.<sup>4</sup>

More showed a special devotion to the Psalms, and he often quoted them in *The Four Last Things*. A few examples may be given: a man disquieteth himself in vayn, & hepeth up riches, & cannot tel for whom (*cui*) he gathereth them.<sup>5</sup> his glorie shal as scripture saith neuer walk with him into his graue.<sup>6</sup> caste thy thought into god & he shall norishe thee.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *The English Works of Sir Thomas More*, ed. W. E. Campbell, vol. 1, 1931, pp. 21-2. <sup>2</sup> First printed in 1525; revised in 1534.

<sup>3</sup> *Workes*, p. 89C, D. I have added words from the Vulgate where they clearly affect More's rendering. Tyndale translated from the Greek original.

<sup>4</sup> *The New Testament translated by Tyndale 1534*, Cambridge, 1938. Tyndale's first edition (1525) omits "moch".

<sup>5</sup> 89A; Ps. xxxviii. 7.

<sup>6</sup> 84A; xlviii. 18.

<sup>7</sup> 89C; liv. 23.

If riches com to you, set not your hert thereon.<sup>1</sup>

I haue had as gret plesure in the way of thy testimonies, as in all maner of riches.<sup>2</sup>

The first and last anticipate the rhythms of Coverdale, which have been familiar to English ears for nearly four centuries through the inclusion of his Psalms, with very slight changes, in every edition of the Book of Common Prayer from 1549. In the Great Bible<sup>3</sup> Coverdale translates these verses thus:

For man . . . disquieteth him self in vayne: he heapeth up riches and can not tell who shall gather them.

nether shall hys pompe folowe him.

O cast thy burthen upon the Lorde and he shall norysh the.

yf riches encrease, set not youre hert upon them.

I haue had as greате delyte in the waye of thy testimonyes, as in all maner of riches.

We may notice More's habit of rendering a single Latin word by two English words, e.g. "Blessed are they that weepe and waile" (*Beati qui lugent*), "burdensome and heauye comforters be you" (*consolatores onerosi*), "environ and compasse" (*circumdabit*). He will continue this practice in the later treatises, e.g. "health and salvation" (*salus*), "My delyte and pleasures" (*Delitiae meae*). Cranmer shows a similar liking for doublets in the Prayer Book.

A very much wider field for testing More's quality as a translator of the Vulgate is provided in the treatises which he wrote in the Tower "about the yeare 1534"—*A Dyalogue of Comforte agaynste tribulacyon*, *A treatyce to receyue the blessed bodye of our Lorde*, and *A treatyce upon the passion of Chryste*. Together they occupy 211 folio pages in the collected volume of 1557. There are more than 200 express citations of Scripture, the translation being generally preceded by the Latin. Because of the subjects of the treatises the quotations are largely from the Gospels, St. Mark's receiving very much less attention than the other three, as was usual until the nineteenth century. More also draws freely from the Epistles of St. Paul. As for the Old Testament he quotes rarely from the historical books and the Prophets, but abundantly from the Psalms and the Wisdom books.

We may wonder what books More had in the Tower which would be useful to him for such quotations. The note appended to the *Treatise upon the passion* states that that work was unfinished because,

<sup>1</sup> 92F; lxi. 11.

<sup>2</sup> 98G; cxviii. 14.

<sup>3</sup> *The Psalter of the Great Bible of 1539*, ed. J. Earle. Throughout this article I keep the Vulgate numbering of chapter and verse.

shortly before he was put to death, "all his bokes and penne and ynke and paper was taken from hym".<sup>1</sup> The books must, I think, have included the complete Vulgate Bible. It is true that the Latin citations in *A Dialogue of comfort*, as first printed in 1553, received some corrections before Rastell reprinted the work in his folio of 1557; but I cannot accept Monsignor Hallett's suggestion<sup>2</sup> that More quoted from memory passages which extend to as many as sixteen consecutive verses. He possessed also Gerson's *Monatessaron*, a harmony of the Gospels, from which he quotes a passage of twenty-six lines. There is no convincing evidence that he had with him the New Testament in Greek, as the very few references to the original may well have been made from memory, e.g. "It is more easy for a Camell (or as some saye, for *Camelus* so signifyeth in the Greke tonge) for a gret cable rope, to goe thorowe a nedles eye, then for a ryche manne to enter into the kingdome of god".<sup>3</sup> It is most unlikely that he had in the Tower any Wycliffite or other early translation, as none of them was in print; and, though he had read Tyndale's New Testament to refute it, he would not have cared to use it. The translations, then, are his own, just as Hilton's were. It is only fair to More to bear in mind that he was not, like Tyndale and Coverdale, translating for a wide general public, but was writing devout meditations, for which he could expect no more than a few readers.

Single verses often reproduce themselves almost inevitably, so that one translation differs little from another. Some of More's versions have an evident rightness and sound to us immediately familiar, e.g.:

Hierusalem Hierusalem, that killest the prophetes, & stonest unto death them that are sent unto the, how often wold I haue gathered the together, as the henne gathereth her chyckins under her winges, and thou wouldest not?<sup>4</sup>  
Your aduersary the deuill as a roaring lyon goeth about seking whom he maye deuowre.<sup>5</sup>

God is faythfull, whyche suffereth you not to be tempted aboue that you maye beare, but giueth also with the temptacion a waye out.<sup>6</sup>

For charitie couereth a multitude of sinnes.<sup>7</sup>

In myne owne conscience I knowe nothing, but yet am I not therby iustified.<sup>8</sup>

There is none other name under heauen giuen to men, in which we muste be saued.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 1404G.

<sup>2</sup> *A Dialogue of Comfort*. A modernized version, ed. by R. P. Hallett, 1937.

<sup>3</sup> 1204B.

<sup>4</sup> 1179D; Mat. xxiii. 37.

<sup>5</sup> 1236C; 1 Cor. x. 13.

<sup>6</sup> 1265H; 1 Cor. iv. 4.

<sup>7</sup> 1195H; 1 Pet. v. 8.

<sup>8</sup> 1168H; 1 Pet. iv. 8.

<sup>9</sup> 1283C; Acts iv. 12.



Wythout fayth it is impossible anye manne too please God. For euerye man that commeth unto God, must belieue that God is, and that he is the rewarder of theym that seeke hym.<sup>1</sup>

I say to you that are my frendes, be not afearde of them that kill the bodye, and whiche when that is doone, are hable to dooe no more.<sup>2</sup> But I shall shewe you whome you shold feare. Feare hym which when he hath killed, hath in his power farther to caste hym whome he killeth into euerlasting fyre. So I say to you be afeard of him.<sup>3</sup>

In a longer passage, which has something of the nature of a straightforward catalogue, the differences between one translation and another are not likely to be considerable. Thus More renders St. Paul's account of the dangers he has faced on his travels:

in manye labors, in prisons ofter then other, in strypes aboue measure, at poynt of death often times, of the Jewes hadde I v. times xl. stripes saue one, thrise haue I ben beten with rodde, once was I stoned, thryse haue I ben in shipwrack, a day & a night was I in the depth of the sea, in my journeyes oft haue I been in peril of floudes, in peril of theues, in peril by the Jewes, in perilles by the Paynims, in perilles in the citie, in perilles in desert, in perilles in the sea, perylles by false brethren, in labour & misery, in many nights watch in hunger & thirst, in manye fastinges, in cold & nakednes: besyde those thinges that are outward, my dayly instant labor, I meane my care & sollicitude about all the churches.<sup>4</sup>

The last clauses give most trouble to a translator, but More negotiates them better than the translators of the Rheims New Testament (1582), who, like him, are hampered by *instantia mea quotidiana*; they translate "beside those things which are outwardly: my daily instance, the carefulnes of al churches".

Another Pauline passage will show More's preference for the familiar Latin words, and also his more skilful use of them than the Rheims translators show:

Christ hath humbled himselfe, and became obedient unto the death, and that unto the death of the crosse, for whyche thinge God hath also exalted hym, and geuen hym a name whiche is aboue all names: that in the name of Iesus euery knee bee bowed, bothe of the celestyall creatures and the terrestriall, & of the infernall too: and that euerye toungue shal confesse that our lord Iesus Christ is in the glorye of god his father.<sup>5</sup>

The Rheims translation follows the Latin even more closely: "that in the name of IESVS euery knee bowe of the celestials, terrestrials, and infernals". Tyndall anticipates the more English and concrete word-

<sup>1</sup> 1287H; Heb. xi. 6.

<sup>2</sup> In an alternative rendering (1255B), "& after that haue nothing that they can dooe farther", More is nearer Tyndale and the A.V.

<sup>3</sup> 1257A; Luke xii. 4-5.

<sup>4</sup> 1259H-1260A; 2 Cor. xi. 23-8.

<sup>5</sup> 1164C, D; Phil. ii. 8-11.

ing of the Authorized Version, when he writes: "that in the name of Iesus shuld every knee bowe, bothe of thinges in heven and thinges in erth and thinges under erth".

In another passage where More has to choose between native and Latin words he shows more independence than the Rheims translators:

Oure wrestlynge is not against flesh & bloud, but against the princes and potestates of these darke regions, against the spiritual wicked gostes of the ayre.<sup>1</sup>

If his rendering of *spiritualia nequitiae in caelestibus* is not very happy, it is preferable to the Latinism of the Rheims version, "the spirituals of wickednes in the celestials". The Wycliffite versions had used *potestats*, and Rheims used it also; it is a high-sounding word, and no translator could then foresee that it would go out of use while *potentates* would survive.

The obscurity of the Latin text sometimes puts More at a disadvantage, as in the following:

The truth of God shal compasse the aboute wyth a paucie, thou shalt not be a feard of the nights feare, nor of the arow flying in the day, nor of the busynes (*negocio*) walking about in the darkneses (*in tenebris*), nor of the incursion (*ab incurso*) or inuacion of the dyuel in the myd day.<sup>2</sup>

Coverdale had a better text to translate:

His faythfulnesse and trueth shall be thy shyld and buckler. Thou shalt not be afrayed for eny terrour by nyght, ner for the arow that flyeth by daye. For the pestilence that walketh in darcknesse, ner for the sycknesse that destroyeth in the noone daye.

A famous piece of Old Testament rhetoric on the fall of the King of Babylon, which is incomparably rendered in the Authorized Version, has some distinction in More's rendering also:

Howe art thou fallen out of the heauen Lucifer, that sprangest in the morning? thou art fallen into the earth . . . (He boasted that he woulde be goddes felow in dede, saying unto himselfe) I will ascend into the heauen aboue the starres of God. I will exalte my seate, and will sitte in the hyll of the testament in the sides of the north. I wil ascend aboue the heyght of the clowdes, & I wilbe lyke unto the highest. Howbeit thou shalte be drawn downe into hel into the depth of the lake.<sup>3</sup>

Here again More is at a disadvantage: the rhythmical phrase from the Hebrew, "son of the morning" (Geneva Bible and A.V.), cannot be got from the Latin *qui mane oriebaris*; the punctuation of the Latin text which More used attached *super astra Dei* to the preceding,

<sup>1</sup> 1178D; Eph. vi. 12.

<sup>2</sup> 1271D, E; Isa. xiv. 12-15.

<sup>3</sup> 1179H; Ps. xc. 5-6.

instead of the succeeding, clause, and so spoils the balance and rhythm; and nothing could be done with the cryptic *in monte testamenti* except to render it word for word. If the reader were not familiar with the Authorized Version he could not but be impressed by More's rendering.

It has often been noticed that a translator from Latin into English is apt to follow the Latin order, word for word, especially when he is dealing with a text which he regards with special reverence. The results are sometimes foreign to the English idiom. Very many instances may be found in the Rheims New Testament. Sir Thomas More's sensitive ear for the English idiom commonly saves him from such mistakes, but now and then he follows the Latin order too closely: e.g. "We what we pray for that were behouable for us, can not our self tel", "And if the grasse of the field, which to day is, and too morrow is cast into the ouen, God doth so clothe: how much more you?", "otherwise reward you shall not haue with your father which is in heauen". It should, however, be noted that More, like Bishop Fisher, found pleasure in an occasional inversion of the common order, and some of his inversions were deliberate and well considered.

If More, like the Rheims translators, has a reverent affection for the Church Latin, he is also, like Tyndale, ready to use racy and homely words. The Divine sentence upon the serpent is that Eve "shal frushe thyne head in peeces, & thou shalt lye in a wayte to styng her heele".<sup>1</sup> Job says of the wicked: "They leade theyr life in pleasure, & at a poppe (*in puncto*: "in a moment" A.V.) down they descende into hell".<sup>2</sup> Even that grave preacher, Richard Hooker, can say in a sermon: "How suddenly they pop down into the pit". Some of the homely words used by More have, like *pop*, fallen in the social scale or have gone out of use. He translates Prov. xxi. 6: "He that gathereth treasures shall be shoued into the grynnes of death". Few readers of the Authorized Version are aware that the word *grinne* is found three times in the text of 1611 (e.g. "They haue set grinnes for me", Ps. cxl. 5), but on each occasion the modern printer has substituted *gin*, a different word with much the same meaning. More has better opportunities of exercising his characteristic humour when he is paraphrasing or enlarging upon the sacred text. Thus he amplifies the words *abiit tristis*, said of the rich young man whom Christ counselled to sell all that he had: "He clawed his hed & went

<sup>1</sup> 1275A.

<sup>2</sup> 1202H. The page is misnumbered 1124; it follows p. 1201.

his way heuilly, because he was riche". He says of our first parents: "scant was the fruite passed downe both theyr throtes, when it so began to wamble in their stomakes, that they wysshed it oute agayne, and in hys bely that counsailed them to eate it".<sup>1</sup>

It may be well to end with a longer passage to illustrate More's competence as a translator and his sense of rhythm and of appropriate diction. I forbear from giving his beautiful rendering of sixteen consecutive verses from the thirteenth chapter of St. John's Gospel because Professor R. W. Chambers has made it accessible in his invaluable study, *On the Continuity of English Prose*. There he gives More's and Tyndale's versions in parallel columns, and draws his conclusion that "despite differences of style, they both write the same English", and this, although they "are writing in absolute independence of each other".<sup>2</sup> I choose, therefore, instead for my last illustration More's narrative of the Passion. He borrows it "word by word after my copy, as I finde it in the worke of that worshipful father maister John Gerson, whych worke he entituled *Monatessaron*".<sup>3</sup>

There approached neare the holye day of the unleauned loues, which feast is called Pascha. For the pascha and the unleauned loues was two daies after. And so was it, that when Jesus had ended al these sermons, he sayde unto his disciples: you knowe that after twoo dayes shall be the Pascha, and the sonne of man shalbe deliuered to be crucyfied. Than gathered there together the prynces of the pryestes, and the auncientes of the people in to the palyce of the prynce of the pryestes whiche is called Cayphas, and toke counsaile together. And they sought the wayes both the chyefe priestes and the scribes, howe they mighte with some wyle take hym and putte hym to death. For they were aferde of the people. They sayde therfore, Not on the holy day, lest there aryse some sedicious ruffle among the people. But there entred Sathanas into Judas whose surname is Scarioth, one of the twelue. Than wente hee to the prynces of the pryestes and to the chiefe priestes to betraye hym to them. And he had communication with the princes of the prestes and with the rulers, in what maner he shulde betraye hym to theym. And he sayd unto theym, what will ye gyue me, and I shall delyuer hym to you, whoe whan they heard hym, were well apaid, and promysed and couenanted with hym to giue hym money, and appointed to gyue him thirty grotes. And he made them promyse. And from that tyme forth he sought oportuniti that he might commodiously betraye hym oute of the presence of the people. Before the holy day of the Pascha Jesus knowyng that his howre came on to go out of this world unto his father, where as he had loued those that were his, unto the ende he loued them.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 1276D. The page is misnumbered 1274, although this number has been correctly used two pages higher.

<sup>2</sup> R. W. Chambers, *op. cit.*, 1932, pp. cxliii-vi.

<sup>3</sup> 1291B.

<sup>4</sup> 1291H-1292C. Repeated in sections, with very slight variations, 1292D ("the

We are occasionally conscious that the order of words owes something to the Latin order, but in the main it is a clear and effective piece of narrative which happily combines dignity and simplicity. If More showed too much reverence for the Latin in reproducing *sermons*, where other translators, including Rheims, have *words* or *sayings*, he is not afraid of homely words like *grotes* ("pieces of silver", Tyndale, Rheims, A.V.), *well apaid*, and the lively word *ruffle*, for which the *Oxford English Dictionary* gives a parallel from 1559: "the ruffle made by Jacke Strawe and his meyny".

A specially difficult task for any translator, before an English tradition was established, was the intelligible rendering of Jewish proper names for persons and institutions. This difficulty is conspicuous in the above narrative passage. More, with his conservative regard for the Church Latin, is less venturous than his successors. He retains the word *Pascha*, as the Wycliffite and Rheims versions do; Tyndale, like the Anglo-Saxon gospels, calls it *ester*, while the Geneva Bible and the Authorized Version call it *the feast of the Passover*. Yet More escapes the disconcerting word *the Azymes*, which the Rheims version takes from the Latin; he calls it *the feast of the unleavened loaves or bread*, which is preferable to the *swete bread* of Tyndale and Geneva. He literally reproduces *principes sacerdotum* and *princeps sacerdotum*, as the Wycliffite versions had done, but there is convenience in the distinction between the *chief priests* and the *high priest*, found in Tyndale, the Rheims, and other versions. For *seniores* (πρεσβύτεροι) both More and Rheims have *the auncientes*, while Tyndale has *seniours* in 1525 and alters it to *elders* in 1534. More has here the Latin form *Sathanas*, but more frequently he has *Satan*, just as he varies between *Lazarus* and *Lazar*, *Zaccheus* and *Zachee*.<sup>1</sup> Elsewhere he preserves the English traditional pronunciation by spelling *Mary Mawdelein*. We may also notice that the statesman who had made an eloquent oration before Charles V when he visited London in 1522 translates "Geue the Emperor (*Caesari*) those thinges that are his".<sup>2</sup>

holy daie of the unleuened breade, whiche is called Pascha"), 1298C ("after two dayes the Pascha shall be"), 1299D (omits "of the people" after "the auncientes"), 1302E ("what wil you giue me", "And they when they heard him", "howe that he might at most commodity betrai him out of presence of the people"). More follows Gerson in affixing the initials *M.*, *R.* (=Mark), *L.* and *J.* to the parts derived from each of the four evangelists respectively. To avoid distracting the reader's attention I have omitted them.

<sup>1</sup> For the vocative only—"Zachee, come of and come downe: for thys day must I dwell with thee" (1269A). Tyndale uses it for the vocative and once also for the nominative—"And Zache stode forthe and sayd".

<sup>2</sup> 1207E.

There is one other difference of usage between More and the Rheims translators on the one hand and the Reformation translators on the other. It has not, I think, any theological significance, but it is an interesting example of the continuity of English Catholic custom. More follows Walter Hilton and other mediæval religious writers in translating *Dominus* (without a possessive pronoun in the Vulgate) "our Lord". Hilton translates *psallantes in cordibus vestris Domino* "psalmyngē in your hertes to our Lord", and even *Spiritus est Deus* he renders "our lordē is a spyryte". Fisher, in his *Treatise on the seuen penytencyall psalmes* (1508), constantly uses "our Blessed Lord" of God in the Old Testament. St. Thomas More and the Rheims translators are in the same tradition as Hilton and St. John Fisher. They habitually use the term, not only in reference to Christ but also to God Almighty, when they are quoting from the Old Testament as well as from the New. The Book of Common Prayer and the Authorized Version reserve this title to Christ alone, so that "our Lord" has only one association for those who have been accustomed from childhood to these two books.

Happily the note of controversy is almost entirely absent from the treatises which More wrote in the Tower, and it hardly at all affects the translations which he made from the Bible. In his earlier refutation of Tyndale he had made a strong case against the often perverse refusal of words which had such sacred associations as *church*, *priest*, *grace*, and *charity*; and most Englishmen are glad that the Authorized Version reinstated them. In More's devout treatises the differences which had sharply divided him from Tyndale are less emphasized and even tend to disappear. He uses *cup* and *chalice* indifferently in his narrative of the institution of the Blessed Sacrament. In translating John xiii. 16 he first renders *apostolus* by the English equivalent *apostle*, but three pages further on he retranslates it *messenger*,<sup>1</sup> the word which Tyndale had used. Thus, except for a very few words, Catholic and Protestant speak the same language when they translate the Scriptures; the sacred text protects itself and lays its reconciling spell on both alike.

<sup>1</sup>1314A ("apostle"), 1317H ("messenger").



## ONCE MORE THE MOUSE-TRAP<sup>1</sup>

BY A. HART

I have read with interest Professor Sisson's interpretation<sup>2</sup> of the Elizabethan staging of the Mouse-Trap scene in *Hamlet*, and agree with him that our answer to the question, What happens in Hamlet? depends in part on the particular version of the play in our thoughts. Have we in mind the composite text of Shakespeare's play made by modern editors from a collation of the text of the second quarto (Q<sub>2</sub>) and that of the first folio (Fo), or are we thinking of the "prompt-copy"—whatever that may have been—made by the actors from Shakespeare's manuscript? Fortunately in discussing most of the questions relating to this scene we have definite knowledge of the minimum amount that must have been in the prompt-copy used prior to July 26, 1602, when the first quarto (Q<sub>1</sub>) was entered in the Stationers' Register. On comparing the respective versions of this scene in Q<sub>1</sub> and Q<sub>2</sub>, we find that, if we omit the speeches of the Player-King and Player-Queen as almost irrelevant to this issue, more than three-quarters of the dialogue in Q<sub>2</sub> is retained substantially, much of it almost verbatim, in Q<sub>1</sub>; the latter has omissions, blunders, and some transposition of text, but no additions.

In the Cambridge texts of 1866 the description of the Dumb-Show occupies eleven lines of Q<sub>2</sub> and five lines of Q<sub>1</sub>. The version in the earlier text runs:

Enter in a Dumbe Shew, the King and the Queene, he sits down in an Arbor, she leaues him: Then enters Lucianus with poyson in a Viall, and powres it in his eares, and goes away: Then the Queene commeth and findes him dead, and goes away with the other.

This descriptive account of the Dumb-Show is neither source nor abridgment of the longer version in Q<sub>2</sub>, which is almost certainly derived from the author's manuscript, and is found with slight variations in all subsequent quartos and folios. There are many

<sup>1</sup> Owing to delays in the post between England and Australia the author has been unable to read proofs.—ED. R.E.S.

<sup>2</sup> *Review of English Studies*, xvi, April, 1940, pp. 129-36.

omissions: all the details of stage "business" are missing, the re-entry of Lucianus is unmentioned, and no provision is made for the removal of the dead body; yet the sequence of entrances, exits, and the poisoning is the same as in Q2. Such defective stage directions are typical of corrupt plays and help to prove that these texts are usually based on the reports of actors. Except for the omission of Ophelia's line—"Belike this shew imports the Argument of the Play?"—her conversation with Hamlet concerning the meaning of the Dumb-Show is much the same as in Q2. After considering the differences between what are two independent descriptions of the Dumb-Show, and the essential sameness of the dialogue about it in the quartos, I cannot accept the suggestion that the Dumb-Show is an interpolation foisted into the text of Q2 by the actors. I therefore endorse Professor Sisson's dictum: "It is there and it cannot be eliminated. And the truth is that it is indispensable on the Elizabethan stage." Just as firmly do I hold that, for spectators who do not believe in ghosts, it is indispensable on the modern stage.

We may wonder why Shakespeare inserted in *Hamlet* a dramatic spectacle which a hundred and twenty lines previously he had censured as "inexplicable" and fit only for the groundlings. Perhaps these words in his speech to the strolling players are a satirical hit at Peele's *Battle of Alcazar*, played by the Admiral's men at the Rose about 1599; in this play the presenter's speeches with the description of the dumb-shows amounts to almost a tenth of the text. More probably the shaft was directed at *Antonio's Revenge*, acted at St. Paul's c.1599-1600 by the "Ayrie of Children, little Yases" so trenchantly criticized in an earlier scene. To the third act Marston prefixed a dumb-show which is exceedingly confused and has neither presenter nor expounder. "Inexplicable" is the correct epithet to describe it, as also the dumb-show to the fifth act which the ubiquitous ghost of Andrugio presents. Satire on rival dramatists or companies would be, however, but a minor purpose of Shakespeare's Dumb-Show. He was writing a one-scene play based on a reconstruction of the Hamlet murder for an audience which had listened to the King's first speech, Hamlet's first soliloquy<sup>1</sup> and the Ghost's story. Invitations to see this play had been sent to and accepted by the suspected criminal and the court, and Claudius, unknown to himself, was under the closest observation. Shakespeare

<sup>1</sup> The dialogue between the Player-King and Player-Queen (III. ii. 145-218) is a dramatic expansion of I.ii.139-145.

thought that a series of shock attacks, delivered unexpectedly and at irregular intervals, would shatter the king's self-control; the Dumb-Show is the first bomb. Shakespeare's Dumb-Show was not inexplicable to the audience, Hamlet, Horatio, or Claudius, though it would certainly puzzle the other characters. For such members of the audience as had kept awake or were not half-wits it required no expounding. Hamlet had told them:

Ile haue these Players,  
Play something like the murder of my Father,  
Before mine Vnkle. Ile obserue his lookes,  
Ile tent him to the quicke: If he but blench,  
I know my course.

Later they heard his words to Horatio:

There is a Play to night before the King,  
One scaene of it comes neere the Circumstance  
Which I haue told thee, of my Fathers death.

True, in the Dumb-Show the parts of Hamlet Senior (of his pre-Ghost period), Claudius, and Gertrude would be enacted under other names by players not previously on the stage that afternoon and wearing different costumes, but the method of poisoning would instantly recall the Ghost's narrative, and the audience would identify Gonzago with King Hamlet, Baptista with Gertrude, and Lucianus with Claudius. They believed in ghosts and devils, and would share Hamlet's doubts and hesitation about the truth of the revelation made by his father's ghost:

The Spirit that I haue seene  
May be the Diuell, and the Diuel hath power  
T'assume a pleasing shape, etc.

They would expect to see the poisoning done on the stage, and, like Hamlet and Horatio, would rivet their eyes to the face of Claudius, not Hamlet as Professor Wilson suggests.<sup>1</sup> They would hear the comments, questions, and answers of the stage audience, and would understand their relevance or irrelevance. When the King suddenly rises from his seat, they would "take the Ghosts word for a thousand pound", and would hear the subsequent confession of Claudius without feeling any surprise.

So much for the spectators sitting or standing in the auditorium. Ranged upon two sides at right angles to the front of the stage would

<sup>1</sup> *What Happens in Hamlet*, p. 181.

be a second audience consisting of actors with parts in *Hamlet*; for the two hours' traffic of the stage dramatic illusion accepts them as the persons they present. They would enter in two files by the two stage-doors as a brilliant court procession; order of entry and position of each on the stage would have been previously determined. Hamlet and Horatio, no longer together, would place themselves opposite the king, queen, and Polonius, behind whom would be guards, holding torches. Ophelia is next to Hamlet. Throughout the whole play Hamlet does not speak to Claudius except to answer a question, and does not overstrain his courtesy in his replies. When the royal party comes on the stage Claudius affably asks Hamlet, "How fares our Cosin Hamlet?" and receives a subtly flippant and indirect answer. The conversation ends abruptly when Hamlet brusquely turns away from his uncle and resumes his favourite indoor sport of badgering Polonius. His was the disagreeable task of playing the host to a ghastly crew, a murderer, an adulteress, a jilt and an assortment of spies and eavesdroppers. Conversation of a prickly kind never flags; how much was heard by all present and how much was in undertones must be left to the judgment of imaginative critics hard on the track of a theory. Trumpets blare to announce the entry of stage royalty, and chatter ceases. Professor Wilson tells us: "The King was not looking at the dumb-show; he was doing something else,"<sup>1</sup> and explains that Claudius, Polonius, and later the queen are busy discussing the cause of Hamlet's madness, and "Thus they are not watching the inner-stage at all; the play is nothing to them."<sup>2</sup> Professor Sisson also believes that the King did not see the Dumb-Show because the actors had so placed all the royal party, with the exception of Ophelia, Hamlet, and Horatio, on the outer stage that they were unable to see what was happening on the inner stage. Over eighty years ago Halliwell hazarded a conjecture in a most hesitating fashion: "Is it allowable to direct that the king and queen should be whispering confidentially to each other during the dumb-show and so escape the sight of it?" Professor Wilson adds a delightful touch of verisimilitude to Halliwell's guess by revealing to us what was the subject of these confidential whisperings. If Shakespearean critics must write they must guess, but is not this conjecture refuted by every word and action of the king? Claudius has in full measure the politeness of a king, and is always correct and dignified in manner and conduct; he is very anxious to conciliate his disgruntled nephew who has

<sup>1</sup> *What Happens in Hamlet*, pp. 159-60.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 184.

provided at his own expense a play for the amusement of the court, and, as Polonius tells him, has

beseech'd me to intreate your Maiesties  
To heare, and see the matter.

It is, in my opinion, incredible that Claudius should be guilty of such gross discourtesy as to continue talking with Polonius and the queen, and not even look at the Dumb-Show or cast a glance at what was happening less than five yards from him. The statement that the Dumb-Show was exhibited on the inner-stage I shall discuss later.

How would the members of the royal suite react to the Dumb-Show? Polonius, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and the "other Lords" might think that Hamlet's choice of such an outmoded spectacle without the usual presenter was eccentric, and might remark on his tone and manner as discourteous and offensive to the king and themselves; the two spies might whisper that the yielding of the too-much-protesting queen to the gifts and blandishments of the poisoner was a sly hit at the queen. She almost certainly believed the report that her first husband has been stung by a serpent, and had no suspicion that

The Serpent that did sting (her husband's) life  
Now wears his Crowne.

Consequently the dramatic compression, which makes the poisoner court his victim's widow almost beside her husband's corpse, would not cause this placid jade to wince and would not suggest to Gertrude any parallel in her own recent conduct.

Of all those upon the stage Claudius alone knows how his brother came by his death, and would be much alarmed on seeing his private technique of poisoning practised by the murderer; his alarm would grow almost to a panic when the love-scene followed. In this Dumb-Show were linked two recent incidents of his life, one of them a secret known, he believed, only to himself. Yet plays with a plot depending on a mystery were as common then as now, and except for the circumstance that this play was sponsored by his nephew, the union of two such incidents might not unreasonably be dismissed as a coincidence. By will-power and his almost automatic habit of concealing his emotions he may have preserved an appearance of calmness; a quick glance round the stage would show that no one except Hamlet was looking questioningly at him. He would have almost regained his composure when the player-queen returns to find her husband dead and "makes passionate action". Lucianus re-enters and

the dead body is removed, but a tumult of fear would flood his mind once more while the poisoner makes love to the newly-made widow. Perhaps another swift look around may have lessened his anxiety; again he finds no one but Hamlet and Horatio with their eyes upon him. Here I shall leave Claudius in fearful meditation, a prey to doubt and dread, his soul "perplexed in the extreme", and shall offer my reasons for insisting that Claudius saw the Dumb-Show and did not "blench" at the sight.

Some recent critics accept Halliwell's conjecture that the King must not see the Dumb-Show. Why? Apparently they believe that Claudius would collapse at once, publicly display his agitation, and hurry from the stage—assumptions that knowledge of his character does not support. Most studies of *Hamlet* begin and end with the prince, and Shakespeare's masterly portrait of the king usually serves as a foil or illustration to their main argument. The poet does not depict a monster, all compact of villainy. An energetic and efficient monarch, he has the gift of commanding obedience, thinks quickly, acts promptly, is gracious in manner, courteous in speech, tactful and persuasive with old and young. Yet this goodly show of king-becoming graces serves but to mask a smiling villain, a seducer, poisoner, and usurper. Such an adroit weaver of plots and deviser of stratagems, such a spy-master and corrupter of youth did not spring up, like Jonah's gourd, in a night. How does he speak and act throughout the play? His first line on the stage refers to "our deere Brothers death", and he unctuously urges Hamlet to cease "vnmanly greefe" and his "vnpreuayling woe" for his "noble Father". He keeps Hamlet, "Our cheefest Courtier Cosin, and our Sonne," without his princely due of revenue and state, "promise-crammed" and "dreadfully attended"; he surrounds him with a retinue of spies, Ophelia and his school-fellows. After surviving the ordeal of the Mouse-trap he spends a busy quarter of an hour; he arranges for Hamlet's execution in England, sends Polonius to do his last job of eaves-dropping, confesses the murder, and then kneels in prayer! Then this "louing Father" bids farewell to Hamlet whom he plans to murder by proxy. Two lines of his concluding speech in the graveyard scene,

Good Gertrude set some watch ouer your Sonne,  
This Graue shall haue a liuing Monument;

exemplify his remarkable powers of self-possession and dissimulation. Last scene of all, he drains a bumper to Hamlet's health and presses him to drink from the poisoned cup. So habitual has become



his control of his countenance that, after the queen has drunk the poisoned wine, he calmly continues to comment on the fortunes of the fencing match and tells Hamlet that his dying mother has swooned "to see them bleede". Claudius is what American novelists call "a tough guy", and nothing but continuous "third-degree" methods will break him. Is this pastmaster of dissembling, long schooled in every trick of the criminal, the man to "blench" at the sight of a Dumb-Show because the method of the murderer recalls memories of his own crime? Shakespeare did not think so, and I am content to put my trust in his knowledge of the human mind.

We must now return to the scene on the stage. The Dumb-Show has left the stage, unpounded by an unnecessary presenter, and whatever may have been his hidden doubts and fear, the king has successfully withstood the first attack in the battle of wits and will between his nephew and himself. Perhaps Hamlet's reply to Ophelia's question, "Marry this is Miching Malicho, that meanes Mischeefe," was spoken loudly enough to raise some tremors in him; the prologue says nothing in three short lines. The Player-King and his Queen enter, and while the spate of heroic couplets runs on, one question persistently hammers in the king's brain, How much does Hamlet know? The Player-King falls asleep, his consort leaves the stage, and there is another brief interval for talk. Hamlet turns to his mother. "Madam, how like you this Play?" he asks. Gertrude, not much perturbed by what she has seen and heard, for the nine-days' wonder of her hasty marriage has passed, utters her one immortal line, "The Lady protests too much, me thinkes." After being publicly snubbed by Hamlet on his entrance, Claudius has not spoken a word. "His soul is full of discord and dismay", and, fearful of what may come next, he ventures to ask Hamlet, "Haue you heard the Argument, is there no Offence in't?" Would the king risk a second public rebuff in asking this question if he had not seen the Dumb-Show and had heard only some inoffensive and platitudinous dialogue on the themes of constancy and married love? Why should he anticipate "offence" in the "Argument" unless he had seen the Dumb-Show? Hamlet has been watching his face intently, and, well aware that the king had seen the Dumb-Show and was playing the fishmonger like his spy Polonius, sardonically lets him know that his pretended ignorance would not serve his turn: "No, no, they do but iest, poyson in iest, no Offence i' th' world." At the word "poyson", the king "blenches" or changes colour; for this Hamlet and Horatio vouch (III. ii. 274-8):

*Ham.* O good Horatio, Ile take the Ghosts word for a thousand pound.  
Did'st perceiue?

*Hora.* Verie well, my Lord.

*Ham.* Upon the talke of the poysoning?

*Hora.* I did verie well note him.

To cover his momentary confusion, Claudius asks in a casual tone, as if seeking information, "What do you call the Play?" Hamlet continues to play with and torment his uncle, and replies,

The Mouse-trap: Marry how? Tropically:

This Play is the Image of a murder done in Vienna:

Gonzago is the Dukes name, his wife Baptista; you shall see anon: 'tis a knauish peece of worke: But what o' that? Your Maiestie, and wee that haue free soules, it touches vs not: let the gall'd iade winch: our withers are vnrun. This is Lucianus, nephew to the king.

*Enter Lucianus.*

This speech convinces Claudius that his nephew knows the secret of his father's death; it offered Burbage an opportunity for some skilful acting. After the words "peece of worke", the punctuation of the remainder of the speech is practically identical in Q<sub>2</sub> and Fo. If Shakespeare did the pointing of "But what o' that? Your Maiestie, and wee that haue . . ." he may have thereby intended Burbage-Hamlet to tell Claudius he was not included among those "that haue free soules"; the unstressed final syllable of "Maiestie", succeeded by a slighter pause than usual would suggest dissociation of the two sentences connected by "and". Hamlet continues the attack. Looking the king in the face he bluntly, though figuratively, accuses him in the words "Let the gall'd iade winch", and, momentarily shifting his glance, ends with "our withers are vnrun". At this point Hamlet sees the poisoner about to come upon the stage, and, gazing steadfastly at his uncle, exclaims "This is Lucianus, nephew to the king." These words "nephew to the king" leave Claudius "no Hindge, nor Loope to hang a doubt on." Hamlet knows that his father was poisoned and that the poisoner was his brother. Had the words been what they could not be, "brother to the King", the challenge in Hamlet's look and voice and the charge implicit in his words could not have been more definite. Another minute of agony for him; Hamlet and Ophelia chatter, Lucianus pronounces his charm and pours the poison into the sleeper's ear. But the last and worst shock

<sup>1</sup> Professor Wilson ingeniously suggests that Claudius twisted the words "nephew to the King" into a threat against his life. He says: "In a word, Lucianus-Hamlet poisons Gonzago-Claudius before the assembled Court." (*What Happens in Hamlet*, p. 170.) It seems a sufficient refutation of this suggestion to say that Lucianus-Hamlet could not "get the loue of Claudius-Gonzago's wife".

is to come. Hamlet springs to his feet, stares at the King, and interrupts the play by crying aloud:

He poysons him i' th' Garden for's estate: His name's Gonzago: the Story is extant and writ in choyce Italian. You shall see anon how the Murtherer gets the loue of Gonzago's wife.

Claudius has had enough and over-measure. Perhaps there flashed through his mind the appalling thought that Hamlet in his present reckless mood might denounce him as his father's murderer; this must be prevented whatever the cost. He rose whilst Hamlet was speaking, made no answer to the queen's question, called for lights and quitted the stage. Polonius, the Lord Chamberlain, orders the players to stop, and Hamlet remains to discuss with Horatio what they have seen and heard. Hamlet's triumph does not last long; he lets his opportunity pass. Claudius easily convinces his queen and courtiers that his hurried departure from the play was due solely to anger and disgust at his nephew's insults and disorderly conduct.

I shall now offer briefly my reasons for rejecting the suggestion that the Dumb-Show was acted on the inner stage. First, we have no evidence that any dumb-show was acted elsewhere than on the outer stage; if the action required the use of the inner stage, a direction would generally be given. If we examine the dumb-shows in the "plots" of *2 Seven Deadly Sins*<sup>1</sup> and *The Battle of Alcazar*,<sup>2</sup> we find that the large number of the characters, their actions, and the groupings could not be effectively presented in the small "place behind the stage". The second dumb-show in *The Battle of Alcazar* requires that the three ghosts that cry "Vindicta" be discovered "lying behind the Curtaines" by three Furies on the main stage. Both the dumb-shows prefixed to the third and fourth acts of this play are full of action and could not be presented elsewhere than on the outer stage. Similarly, the dumb-show which begins *The Weakest Goeth to the Wall* exhibits a battle scene, a duel to the death, and a plunge into a river, a series of lively actions impossible to exhibit on the small inner stage. Marston's dumb-show preceding the last act of *Antonio's Revenge* provides for the slow passage of sixteen characters over the stage from one door to the other, while members of two groups menace a third group engaged in talk. This play, however, was acted at St. Paul's. I do not think the size and position of this alcove permitted all the people in the public theatres to have a clear view of

<sup>1</sup> Vide Dr. W. W. Greg's *Henslowe Papers*, pp. 130, 132.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 138-41; see also Dr. Greg's *Two Elizabethan Abridgments*.

what went on inside it. If we examine the plans, drawn nearly to scale, of the Fortune and Globe theatres,<sup>1</sup> we discover that a not inconsiderable number of spectators, seated in one or other of the two side galleries nearest to the stage or standing between these galleries and the stage, would be unable to see much of actions which took place in the alcove unless the actors confined their movements within the bounds of a comparatively small obtuse-angled triangle, whose longest side was the width of the aperture usually closed by the curtains. If all the action of the *Dumb-Show* in *Hamlet* occurred within this triangle, nearly every person who had paid for admission would be able to see it, but it would be very difficult to place the King and his suite, except Ophelia, on the back stage of the Globe so that none of them could see any part of the *Dumb-Show*.

Two other thoughts occur to me, both relevant to this question. If the King was so placed on the stage that he could not see the *Dumb-Show*, or he did not trouble himself to look at it—I think both these suppositions most improbable—the spectators, who had been asked by the poet and were eager to study the King's reactions would be disappointed and would believe that the actors had failed to keep their bargain. Also Hamlet had kept his eyes riveted to the King's face and would know whether Claudius had seen the *Dumb-Show* or not. Consequently, when the King asked him

Haue you heard the Argument, is there no Offence in't?

the prince would realize that the question was a formality characteristic of his uncle's suspicious nature; he would certainly not put him on his guard by talking of "poyson in iest" and thus defeat his own purpose.

<sup>1</sup> Sir E. K. Chambers, *The Elizabethan Stage*, vol. III, pp. 84-5.

## CYRIL TOURNEUR<sup>1</sup>

BY HAROLD JENKINS

Cyril Tourneur is known as the author of two tragedies: *The Revenger's Tragedy*, published in 1607, and *The Atheist's Tragedy*, published in 1611. They reveal one of the most fiery and energetic imaginations possessed by any Elizabethan writer; yet the personality of their author is also one of the most mysterious. Recent biographical discoveries have served to enlarge our knowledge of his soldiering exploits, but these are totally irrelevant to the remarkable mind which illumines the tragedies. Not only do these two tragedies stand apart from the rest of Elizabethan drama, but they are themselves sufficiently unlike in style and temper for it sometimes to have been held that they cannot have been written by the same hand. *The Atheist's Tragedy* had Tourneur's name on the title-page, and any uncertainty of authorship therefore attaches to *The Revenger's Tragedy*. Yet almost all attempts to characterize the genius of Tourneur have been based upon *The Revenger's Tragedy*, which is admittedly the finer of the two. Writers who have not thought the disparity between the two plays too great to believe in their common authorship have repeatedly shirked the difficulty of reconciling the views they give of the personality behind them. The only notable exception is Miss Ellis-Fermor, whose interest in the philosophic ideas underlying Jacobean drama has led her to attach special importance to the thought of Tourneur in *The Atheist's Tragedy*. Fascinating as is the sombre magnificence of the verse and imagery of *The Revenger's Tragedy* and the light it casts on the nature of the author, obsessed with a burning hatred of the vicious humanity he depicts, the supremely interesting thing about Tourneur is seen when one sets side by side the morbid passion of *The Revenger's Tragedy* and the deliberate reasoning of *The Atheist's Tragedy*. *The Revenger's Tragedy* remains Tourneur's masterpiece in drama, but between the composition of the two plays his mind progressed enormously. In *The Atheist's Tragedy* an in-

<sup>1</sup> Owing to the delays in the post between England and South Africa, the author has been unable to read proofs.—ED. R.E.S.

stinctive disgust with humanity has been replaced by a searching inquiry into the foundations of human life, a desire to understand its purpose and to formulate a view of man's position in the universe. A calmer and more balanced view of life is presented, and while Tourneur has not succeeded in resolving his conflict with the world, *The Atheist's Tragedy* shows him at least strenuously attempting to resolve it.

In studying a dramatist one has always to beware of reading a statement of the author's own point of view or a record of his own experience into what is intended only as dramatic fiction. But in Tourneur we are less fascinated by the dramatic presentation of men and women objectively realized than with the nature of the mind in which such conceptions could have arisen. What manner of man was this who filled a diabolic picture-gallery with image after image of horror? "Never, indeed," wrote Churton Collins, "with the single exception of Byron, has a dramatist . . . so obviously and so defiantly interwoven and interpenetrated objective embodiment with an intense and all-absorbing subjectivity." Some fragment of a spiritual autobiography has evidently been left to us in the tormented creations of Tourneur's brain. Yet I do not understand how Churton Collins, so finely sensible of this, can have felt that "these two plays have the same dreary burden, the same melancholy moral. . . . One chord is struck and there are no variations"; nor how Mr. Eliot, whose brilliant approach to the spirit of Tourneur in the mood in which he wrote *The Revenger's Tragedy* expresses once and for all the quality of that play, can have found that "*The Atheist's Tragedy* adds nothing at all to what the other play has given us; there is no development, no fresh inspiration."

The development of Tourneur's mind has been largely obscured by the dispute over the chronology of his two extant plays. The date of publication need have no relation to the date of composition, and *The Revenger's Tragedy*, intenser in its vision, finer in its imagination, more overwhelming in its passion, has often been thought the later. Churton Collins finds in the bitterness of *The Revenger's Tragedy* the fruit of much experience and praises the firmness of its workmanship and the maturity of its outlook. But Mr. Eliot shows that for all its firmness and its sure control, maturity is precisely what *The Revenger's Tragedy* has not. Its "intense and unique and horrible vision of life" is "such a vision as might come, as the result of few or slender experiences, to a highly sensitive adolescent with a gift for words."



The "narrowness of range might be that of a young man. The cynicism, the loathing and disgust of humanity, expressed consummately in *The Revenger's Tragedy*, are immature in the respect that they exceed the object." Mr. Eliot thinks, therefore, that the greater play need not have been the later. This view is also stated by Professor Allardyce Nicoll in the introduction to his edition of Tourneur, and it is the one to which recent criticism seems to have returned. Most of the evidence is only negative: there being nothing tangible to show that *The Atheist's Tragedy* was composed before *The Revenger's Tragedy*, should one not naturally assume that the order of publication is the order of composition? All Elizabethan scholars will know exactly how negative such an argument is. But Miss Ellis-Fermor has brought positive evidence in a detailed study of the imagery of the two plays.<sup>1</sup> She shows that the imagery of *The Atheist's Tragedy* has a "clearer habit of thought", with "a complete elimination of confused or turbulent emotion"; and concludes that "for all its greater passion and force, its greater co-ordination of plot, and its amazing synthesis of passions into unity of mood", *The Revenger's Tragedy* is the work of a less mature mind than *The Atheist's Tragedy*.<sup>2</sup>

Some confirmation of this point of view I find in a comparison of the style of the two plays. The verse of *The Revenger's Tragedy*, energetic, fiery, rapid, and passionate, in keeping with the fierceness of the emotion, has been generally admired. But the brilliant reproduction of the passion in the rhythms of the poetry is intuitive. It springs from the intense sincerity of Tourneur's mood. The triumphant variations from the blank verse pattern, the vibrant strength of movement, are the work of a poet of genius translating passion instinctively into phrase and image without the mediation of deliberate thought. The palpitating speed is not the result of conscious experiment. The greater precision that Miss Ellis-Fermor finds in the imagery of *The Atheist's Tragedy* and the tendency there to work out an image at length in minute detail, rather than to depend on brilliant flashes of imagination, are the result of a more laborious workmanship. And the greater deliberation is reflected in the rhythms. The tempo on the whole is slower. And the blank verse is more regular—not because the poet is less experienced but because he is

<sup>1</sup> *Modern Language Review*, xxx., 1935, 289-301.

<sup>2</sup> Miss Ellis-Fermor also makes the excellent point that some of the most powerful images in *The Atheist's Tragedy* echo the passionate interest in lust and lechery which was the main motive-force of *The Revenger's Tragedy*. It is as though this youthful obsession has permanently coloured Tourneur's imagination and woven itself into the very fabric of his thought.

composing with more studied purpose. The regularity is formal only; there is no monotony of rhythm, and there is a skilful modulation of the sense rhythm with the pattern of the verse. A passage like Castabella's mourning speech in Act III, Scene i may be fairly regular in mere scansion, but it is the work of a man sufficiently master of blank verse to experiment deliberately with its rhythmic movement, seeking to achieve flexibility for the natural expression of thought and feeling:

O thou that knowest me iustly *Charlemonts*,  
 Though in the forc'd possession of another;  
 Since from thine own free spirit wee receiue it,  
 That our affections may; be not displeas'd, if on  
 The altar of his Tombe, I sacrifice  
 My teares. They are the jewels of my loue  
 Dissolued into grieve: and fall vpon  
 His blasted Spring; as Aprill dewe, vpon  
 A sweet young blossome shak'd before the time.

As the scene progresses, with a remarkable increase in the run-on lines and the weak endings already present here, the verse grows rapidly freer in movement until we reach a point where the intensity and heightened expressiveness of verse is combined with the ease and fluency of a sort of rhythmic prose:

Married? had not my mother been a woman,  
 I should protest against the chastitie  
 Of all thy sexe. How can the Marchant, or  
 The Marriner, absent whole yeares (from wiues  
 Experienc'd in the satisfaction of  
 Desire) promise themselues to find their sheetes  
 Vnspotted with adultery, at their  
 Returne? when you that neuer had the sense  
 Of actual temptation; could not stay  
 A few short months.

Such another passage occurs in Castabella's violent protest when D'Amville suggests to her an incestuous relationship.<sup>1</sup> With less speed of utterance and less urgency of passion, when thoughtful exposition is required, the verse often approximates yet more closely to prose rhythms. Charlemont's attempt to explain his father's apparition as a dream may serve as an example:

Tush. These idle dreames  
 Are fabulous. Our boyling phantasies  
 Like troubled waters falsifie the shapes

<sup>1</sup> iv. iii.

Of things retain'd in them; and make 'em seeme  
 Confounded, when they are distinguish'd. So  
 My actions daily conuersant with warre;  
 (The argument of bloud and death) had left  
 (Perhaps) th'imaginary presence of  
 Some bloody accident vpon my minde:  
 Which mix'd confusedly with other thoughts,  
 (Whereof th'remembrance of my Father, might  
 Be one) presented all together, seeme  
 Incorporate; as if his body were  
 The owner of that bloud, the subiect of  
 That death; when hee's at Paris, and that bloud  
 Shed here. It may be thus. I would not leaue  
 The warre, for reputation's sake, vpon  
 An idle apprehension; a vaine dreame.<sup>1</sup>

Such verse is marked by a slow reflectiveness quite unexpected from the author of *The Revenger's Tragedy*. There is skill in its exposition, in the variation of long sentences and short, and in the ease with which the long involved sentences spread out their formidable array of clauses with complete and fluent clarity. It is the nearest we get before Massinger to that masterly lucidity of exposition which is one of Massinger's principal merits in dramatic poetry, though it often at the same time brings his verse down to the lower key of prose. In Tourneur it arises because the emotion is for the time being overlaid with serious thought. The thought is master of the metre, just as in *The Revenger's Tragedy* the passion stretches the elastic verse; neither thought nor emotion are in Tourneur ever cramped by the demands of the metre, but they brilliantly transform the metre to serve their immediate needs. And the contrast in the style of the two plays is conditioned by the striking difference of the poet's mood. Churton Collins sees in these plays different phases in the development of Tourneur's art. To me they seem rather different phases in the development of his mind. The difference in technique is less remarkable than the supplanting of a fiery instinct by a reasoning purpose, of which this new verse, more consciously and deliberately contrived, is but the manifestation.

Another manifestation of it is to be seen, I think, in a comparison of the two plots. Both show a good deal of ingenuity, together with a fine sense of theatrically effective situation. In this respect *The Revenger's Tragedy* is superior, though it is also the more derivative.

<sup>1</sup> Consider also similar passages like the long speech of Languabeau Snuffe in I. iv., or Charlemont's soliloquy at the opening of III. iii.

Even where most derivative it is still brilliantly original. It obviously owes much to the long line of revenge tragedies, though it strains their conventions to breaking-point. Tourneur gives us a new kind of revenge and a new kind of revenger; while the vengeance of an individual for wrongs he has suffered seems to expand into the greater motive of revenge upon perverted humanity for its revolting wickedness. The situations themselves are startling, but in them the dramatist modifies, perhaps unwittingly, scenes from earlier plays. The opening scene, with Vendici's address to the skull, inevitably recalls Chettle's *Hoffman*. The final scene, showing vengeance carried out by masked revellers, is equally close to Marston's *Antonio's Revenge*, which may also have suggested the taunting of the dying Duke by his murderers and his being forced to silence, though in *The Revenger's Tragedy* the silence is very much less crudely contrived. The idea of revenge for the seduction of the beloved may also derive subconsciously from *Antonio's Revenge*, where much play is made of Mellida's alleged unchastity; while *Hoffman* precedes *The Revenger's Tragedy* in entrapping its villain by a lustful assignation, Chettle's cave and "queachy plot" corresponding to Tourneur's "unsunned lodge". Tourneur is nowhere imitating, but his mind draws forth from its well of impressions remembered hints of these earlier plays for his imagination to work on. *The Atheist's Tragedy* in its central situation resembles many revenge tragedies, but shows no such parallels with earlier plays in its particular episodes; for the plot of *The Atheist's Tragedy* is not so much a plot wrought by the imagination as one intellectually constructed to develop a certain train of thought. Tourneur takes over familiar materials like the ghost—the ghost of a man murdered by his brother appearing to the victim's son—and works them into his plan; but he does not here use scraps of incidents from other plays, remembered and transformed, as he had done in the more spontaneous play, when his subconscious mind had greater freedom to throw up its impressions. He does not now strain the conventions of the revenge tragedy; he deliberately and ruthlessly snaps them. For he denies the validity of the whole revenge morality. He intentionally places his hero in the stock situation which demands revenge: D'Amville is both the murderer of Charlemont's father and the usurper of his inheritance as well as the lustful wooer of his beloved. But Tourneur's purpose is to suggest that Charlemont should abstain from revenge and leave it to a higher than earthly hand. The working out of the story of *The Atheist's*

*Tragedy* was a calculating process. It is perhaps just because the imagination is there dominated by reason that the play is inferior as a work of art. Even when there are in *The Atheist's Tragedy* reminiscences of the language of Shakespeare or sometimes of the thought of Chapman,<sup>1</sup> these seem less like unconscious echoes than a studied attempt to achieve the dignified philosophic utterance of a chosen model.

It is interesting, and, if one is really to understand Tourneur, important to inquire what it was that Tourneur wanted so anxiously to express in this later play, when the habit of thought had taken charge of his mind; and to see how the Tourneur of *The Revenger's Tragedy* could develop into the Tourneur of *The Atheist's Tragedy*.

We do not know the date of Tourneur's birth; but though *The Revenger's Tragedy* may be the work of his immaturity, he can hardly have been very young when he wrote it, for his poem *The Transformed Metamorphosis* was published in 1600. Its satiric tone owes something to the vogue for satire established by Hall and Donne and Marston, but it has also a very personal note. It reveals in daring imagery a world full of sin and vice. In the very first lines of the author's address to his book, Tourneur exclaims:

O were thy margents cliffs of itching lust;  
Or quotes to chalke out men the way to sinne  
Then were there hope, that multitudes wold thrust  
To buy thee.

The Epistle to the Reader shows a similar obsession with the idea of sin as well as with death and decay. The imagination of the poem is extravagant, the diction stiff; but it is violently original and shows a power of macabre imagery, as Tourneur in "accents of soule-terrifying paine" describes "This hellish ill o'ermask'd with holiness." There is nothing here which would foreshadow the really "soule-terrifying" accents of *The Revenger's Tragedy*; but there is thus early a preoccupation with the wickedness of men. The wildly distorted vision which sees all humanity as vicious and inspires a bitter loathing was already, well before *The Revenger's Tragedy*, a habit of Tourneur's mind. In *The Revenger's Tragedy* the hatred of sin has become white-hot, until it sears Tourneur's very soul, and his morbid concentration gives to his imagination a hectic brilliance.

A militant morality is apparent in everything of Tourneur's that we know. It colours his *Character of Salisbury* and his funeral poems

<sup>1</sup> I agree with Mr. Eliot in suspecting an influence of Chapman on this play.

of Prince Henry and Sir Francis Vere, who are celebrated for their merit in putting down vice or, as Tourneur's characteristic superlative would phrase it, their ability "to suppress the strong'st Commotions of licentiousnes". But the obsession is at its height in *The Revenger's Tragedy*, where it stamps on Tourneur's brain distorted, elongated shapes revelling in every kind of lasciviousness and lust.

Mr. E. H. C. Oliphant<sup>1</sup> has pointed out that the moral passion which marks *The Revenger's Tragedy* distinguishes it from the work of Middleton, to whom he would otherwise ascribe the play. Perhaps nothing can more plainly bring out this quality of Tourneur's mind than a comparison of his characters with Middleton's. Middleton's wicked people revel in their wickedness as enthusiastically as do Tourneur's—only nowhere in Middleton is there any suggestion, tacit or overt, that it is wickedness at all. Guardiano, in *Women Beware Women*, is a prince of panders. He takes a joyous delight in his craft, without ever feeling that it is not a particularly noble one. What he has to do he does superlatively well. Bringing Bianca to be seduced by the Duke, with an artist's subtlety he "showed her naked pictures by the way". The Duke is similarly an artist in his way, a connoisseur in seduction. He affects "a passionate pleading" above "an easy yielding"; and although he "can command", he prefers the "infinite pleasure" of

gentle, fair entreatings, when love's businesses  
Are carried courteously 'twixt heart and heart.

The villainous crew of *The Revenger's Tragedy* are also epicures in lust, but their palates enjoy not so much the richness of its sensuality but the added spice that comes with the consciousness of sin. The Duchess assures her incestuous lover that "there's no pleasure sweet but it is sinfull"; and Lussurioso explains his preference: "Giue me my bed by stealth—theres true delight"; while the Duke enjoys the fine flavour of a "sin thats rob'd in Holines". These people are all moral perverts; they wring a more exquisite delight out of a sensation because they feel it to be sinful. Middleton's men and women know only the sensation itself: they have the thrill of a thing well done, but they ask no question of right and wrong. Middleton in detachment analyses thoughts and passions; his only emotion is an aesthetic one. In Tourneur even the irony, which is otherwise very close indeed to Middleton's in kind, may be reinforced by its moral appropriateness.

<sup>1</sup> *Times Literary Supplement*, December 18, 1930.



That Beatrice should be entrapped into having to surrender her virginity to the man she abhors is a situation which should appeal to the most fastidious taste for piquant drama; but Middleton does not for a moment suggest that this refinement of torture is a punishment for her guilt. When Tourneur's Duke, however, is poisoned by the skull of the woman he seduced, when Lussurioso is slain in vengeance by the man he sought to employ as a pander and a murderer, one feels not only the pungent irony but the poetic justice of it all.

*The Revenger's Tragedy* is sustained by a frenzied morality of this kind. It sees all life as wickedness and turns all its wickedness into horror. It is aggressive, fierce in its scorn and detestation, and seems to have been composed in a fevered burst of passion—a passion suddenly flaring up beyond the poet's control, hurling itself forth in mandrake shrieks. *The Atheist's Tragedy* is altogether more carefully pondered. There are still figures of monstrous vice—Levidulcia, Cataplasma, Soquette, though a less morbidly excited mind makes the last two little different from many of the bawds and courtesans known to us in Elizabethan drama. Yet that does not prevent Tourneur's scathing indignation from treating them with righteous savagery. The harshness of their sentence is perhaps only matched in *Volpone*. It is not, however, a passionate vengeance; it is a penalty exacted with all the calm dignity of the law. For during the years since the composition of *The Revenger's Tragedy* Tourneur has reduced his instinctive hatred of vice to a fairly rational code. He has ceased scorching mankind with his passion and has paused to examine this thing that he loathes more closely. His mind shows no relenting towards depravity, but his eye can now perceive other than nightmare shapes. The virtuous Castiza of *The Revenger's Tragedy* is succeeded by the much fuller portrait of Castabella, and the heroine is now matched by a virtuous hero, Charlemont, who, pale as he is beside the sinister Vendici, has greater moral stability. The other figures of the play include also the quite innocuous Montferrers and Belforest. Disillusion is still strong, but with a cooling off of passion cynicism is less bitter. In the person of Sebastian it is almost urbane—in the soliloquy at the end of Act I, or in his reply to the question, "How many mistresses ha' you i'faith?"

In faith; none. For I think none of 'em are faithfull, but otherwise, as many as cleane Shirts. The loue of a woman is like a Mushroom; it grows in one night, and will serue somewhat pleasingly, next morning to breakfast: but afterwards waxes fulsome and vnwholesome."

Sebastian is the healthiest of all Tourneur's people. He could almost have stepped out of a Middleton comedy. There is something comic—if savagely comic—too in the discomfiture of Languebeau Snuffe in the churchyard, whereas the only approach to humour in *The Revenger's Tragedy* lay in the grimmest of irony and *double entendre*.

The persistent reasoning in *The Atheist's Tragedy* shows that Tourneur, when finally nauseated with horror, must have striven to discover the cause of the wickedness he saw around him. From the first he sought the universal; and the passion of *The Revenger's Tragedy* is the more awful for being directed against humanity at large. It is not men Tourneur hates, but man. Man is an indivisible monster of sin—a single spectre of decay.<sup>1</sup> In *The Atheist's Tragedy* Tourneur again seeks the universal; the whole play represents an attempt to distinguish a design in the universe and man's life. A mind so blinded by the fascination of evil that it perceived no virtue in the world might naturally tend to atheism, and the atheism of D'Amville may conceivably represent a philosophy which Tourneur himself toyed with—only to reject, as D'Amville's own philosophy is finally rejected in the play. D'Amville sees no sign of a benign power shaping human ends—the mind which conceived *The Revenger's Tragedy* could never even have expected to discover one—but he ranks Nature supreme in the universe. Man—a bestial enough creature in the imagination of the earlier Tourneur—is for D'Amville distinguished from the beasts by powers superior only in degree, not in kind.

The contrast between the philosophic discussion which opens *The Atheist's Tragedy* and the passionate eloquence of Vendici in the first scene of *The Revenger's Tragedy* illustrates the difference in the motives that lie behind the two plays. D'Amville, monster as he is, works out his villainous schemes rationally, directs them systematically towards a preconceived end. He is in that a most formidable villain, though at the same time less revolting than the creatures of

<sup>1</sup> And this is felt to be a complete view of life. The unbiased observer, of course, knows it to be partial; but Tourneur, and the reader swayed by Tourneur's passion, do not know it. That is what makes it so terrifying, so hopeless, and, when presented with Tourneur's magnificent imagery, so tragically grand:

Dos every proud and selfe-affecting Dame  
Camphire her face for this? and grieve her Maker  
In sinfull baths of milke,—when many an infant starues,  
For her superfluous outside, all for this?

This is not an ordinary rhetorical question: it is a riddle of the sphinx, eternally unanswerable.

*The Revenger's Tragedy*, who sensually give way to every sudden lustful impulse. But D'Amville is not, of course, a real person at all. He is simply a means to embody an idea. The play derives its main interest from the struggle between antagonistic beliefs. From the very beginning D'Amville's faith in "Nature" is set against the belief in a world designed and ordered by a benevolent deity. Castabella, separated from her beloved Charlemont, submits with hardly a protest to the will of Heaven.<sup>1</sup> In *The Revenger's Tragedy* Tourneur could only hate the wicked world; he could not calm himself to begin to understand it. He now sees that the world was not intended to be wicked, but has become so because men have abandoned God. He has hope for mankind because he has faith in an ultimate good. But that does not make him hate mankind the less. He hates men now for their perversity; they were not made evil by nature, but they have chosen wickedness themselves. And he cynically observes that the professing good are as rotten as the rest. "The nearer the Church; the further from God", he makes Sebastian quote. And hence the bitterly satiric portrait of the Puritan Languebeau Snuffe. Snuffe is easily won over to aid in D'Amville's machinations, and this only helps to confirm D'Amville in his atheism, his belief in the power of his own nature. Is it perhaps possible that Tourneur's perception of the worldly selfishness for which the profession of religion was too often only a hypocritical cloak had been a serious obstacle in the way of his accepting the principle of good?

The submission of Castabella to the Divine will is echoed by Belforest after the death of Montferrers.<sup>2</sup> He refuses to lament, since Nature has not "purpos'd any thing for nothing". By "Nature", of course, he means what Castabella means by "Heaven" and what D'Amville has just referred to as "the King of nature". Actually D'Amville does not believe there is any "King of nature", as his talks with Borachio make clear; but Nature for Belforest implies the existence of some sovereign power. For D'Amville it is simply the motive force of man without the presence of a controlling power inherent in the idea of God. Strong in this belief, D'Amville himself aims at controlling Nature. In the earlier part of the play, while D'Amville is in the ascendant, the belief in Nature as uncontrolled by any higher being or any force of reason or design dominates the action; and the success of D'Amville's schemes seems at first to justify his confidence. He can afford to ridicule those who ascribe the

<sup>1</sup> II. iii.

<sup>2</sup> II. iv.

"power of rule" to "him they call the supream of the Starres". As if to prove him wrong, thunder and lightning interrupt his meditation; but he has a natural explanation of the phenomenon and easily persuades himself that Nature "fauoured our Performance". D'Amville has a Macchiavellian faculty of turning everything to his own advantage, and the view of Nature as favouring those "that strengthen their estate" is not entirely uninfluenced by the Elizabethan perversion of the Macchiavellian doctrine of expediency. But the thunder is not intended by Tourneur as a natural coincidence; still less is it the conventional melodrama of the Elizabethan theatre, though it does in part derive from that. It pleases Tourneur to make use of this theatrical device as a manifestation of a supernatural power. Thunder and lightning also herald the appearance of Montferrers' ghost,<sup>1</sup> and the apparition itself is equally symbolic. Again a rational explanation is offered and rejected. Charlemont accounts for the apparition by the psychology of dreams; but the return of the ghost convinces him of its reality. It does not follow from this that Tourneur does not understand the natural phenomena which produce thunder and lightning, nor that he literally believes in ghosts. But he does believe in a power above the material, and he uses these very stagy circumstances as symbols of it, investing them with a highly extraordinary significance.

The purpose of the ghost is quite different from that of the ghost familiar in revenge tragedy. This ghost does not incite Charlemont to revenge; but instead it advises patience and counsels him to "leauue revenge vnto the King of kings".

Let him reuenge my murder, and thy wrongs,  
To whom the Iustice of Reuenge belongs.

Charlemont accepts the view that revenge belongs to a superhuman power, to whose dictates he willingly resigns himself. His soliloquy in prison,<sup>2</sup> though it rebels against having to suffer afflictions greater than the crimes they punish, shows an implicit belief in "the sacred iustice of my God". And Charlemont can bear more than Sebastian has power to inflict on him if it is the will of Fate to have him suffer it. The surrender to the decree of Fate and the fortitude to endure unprotesting whatever Fate enacts, which we have already seen in Castabella and Belforest, are especially characteristic of Charlemont. The completeness of his surrender and the ever-present note of resignation in his conduct have a good deal of stoicism about them.

<sup>1</sup> II. vi.

<sup>2</sup> III. iii.

Tourneur has come under the influence of the Stoic philosophy which absorbed so much of the attention of Jacobean writers, and his Charlemont has, I think, a debt to Chapman's heroes.<sup>1</sup> But the Fate of which Charlemont speaks is yet another name for Castabella's "Heaven", the supernatural force which orders the world in which mere mortals live. In the graveyard scene<sup>2</sup> this force, which gradually identifies itself with divine providence, assumes complete control and goes on to an emphatic triumph at the end of the play. Having killed Borachio, Charlemont is willing to die by the hand of the law; but he is at the same time compelled to take the opportunity which offers of escape. For

It may

Be Heau'n reserues me to some better end.

Later in the scene, when he rescues Castabella from "the arme of lust" in the person of D'Amville, it becomes clear what this "better end", "this blessed purpose", was. He has availed himself of the disguise afforded by the sheet and beard left in his way by "the purpose of a friendly accident" against which he must "not expostulate". This is again the stoic, but at the same time the believer in Divine providence, for his feeling that the "accident" is "friendly" shows his instinctive belief that it was not really an "accident" at all. If it were an accident, it would be a crude piece of melodrama; but the striking coincidences in the action of this play are redeemed from melodrama by being represented as the mysterious ways in which the hand of God moves. Both Charlemont and Castabella firmly believe in Heaven's guidance of events and in the "protection that still guards the innocent". That is why they are quite unafraid of death, and why they can so peacefully lie down to sleep among the death's heads. D'Amville himself, when he sees them, has to confess that there is a "happinesse within the freedome of the conscience".

This scene, which unites Charlemont and Castabella in happiness, also shows the beginning of the wreckage of D'Amville's schemes and of D'Amville's loss of faith in Nature as the supreme power. Characteristically macabre and theatrically the most remarkable scene in the play, it is the climax of the action and is crucial to the thought. Here the atheist's interpretation of the universe is brought into direct conflict with the belief in a benevolent deity, and it is

<sup>1</sup> See especially *The Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois*, iv. i, the speech of Clermont's beginning: "Good sir, believe that no particular torture".

<sup>2</sup> iv. iii.

typical of the way in which action is subordinated throughout to the interest of philosophic argument that D'Amville and Castabella have an argument on Nature when he is trying to seduce her. Forced and unreal as this sounds, it is nevertheless dramatically effective because at the crucial moment a reasoning belief is supported by passion, and ultimately the whole play achieves a certain success because, although it aims at the exposition of a philosophy, the philosophy is less logically expounded than passionately felt. D'Amville can speak of God as a "*suppos'd* protectour"; but Castabella believes that the wrath of Heaven manifests itself in thunderbolts.<sup>1</sup> Then, after he has been frightened away by Charlemont, D'Amville comes, in spite of himself, instinctively to feel the same. He who but now has held that man should obey the instincts of his nature and work only for his own profit and pleasure begins to feel remorse of conscience. Here Tourneur's superb imagination takes control. A pale cloud in the sky appears as

the Ghost of olde *Montferrers* in  
A long white sheete, climbing yond' loftie mountaine  
To complaine to Heau'n of me.

Languebeau Snuffe, arriving with the Watch, is

Black Beelzebub,  
And all his hell-hounds come to apprehend me.

D'Amville is quickly calmed, but his disintegration has begun, and we have been given a glimpse of the breakdown of his mind which comes with the overthrow of his schemes. The whole of the fifth act is to be devoted to the representation of this overthrow. It is heralded by the Ghost of Montferrers, which enters pat to confute D'Amville when he still clings to his belief that "Mans high wisdom" is the "superiour power", unruled by any stars of Heaven. And the significance of D'Amville's overthrow is emphasized by irony. Upon his words,

My reall wisdom has rais'd vp a State,  
That shall eternize my posteritie,

the dead body of his son Sebastian is brought in. This is followed immediately by the appearance of the bed bearing the dying form of his other son Rousard—a coincidence which again is not melodramatic but perfectly logical, since it is to be interpreted as the work of the omnipotent Being whom D'Amville has denied. This working of the

<sup>1</sup> The dramatist implies here a further comment on D'Amville's attempt to explain away the thunder and lightning in the scene of Montferrers' murder.



hand of God has already been pointedly anticipated when Rousard has had to confess that his sickness dated from the day when, through D'Amville's scheming, he married Castabella,

As if my sicknesse were a punishment,  
That did arrest me for some iniurie  
I then committed.

The death of his two sons and the collapse of the edifice he was seeking to build for his posterity compel D'Amville to admit the existence of a power greater than Nature which "controules her force". Nature is "a forger of false assurances", and D'Amville confesses what the Ghost has already told him, that, with all his wisdom, he is a fool. The superiority of the creed of Charlemont and Castabella is apparent in the last scene, when D'Amville envies the courage and resolution which they have in face of death and which he himself lacks. Divine providence now again takes a hand and saves Charlemont and Castabella while putting D'Amville to death. The mode of his death—on the surface a very stagy accident—is again no accident, since God "commanded it", and D'Amville's death bears witness to the truth of what he all his life denied. It is a supreme example of Tourneur's irony. And upon a similar note of irony the play closes:

Thus by the worke of Heau'n; the men that thought  
To follow our dead bodies without teares;  
Are dead themselves, and now we follow theirs.

Justice has been done and all testifies to the power of "eternall providence". Goodness triumphs, and faith in order and in a benevolent disposition of the universe is vindicated. This is a highly surprising conclusion from the author of *The Revenger's Tragedy*. His mind, instinctively aware only of the sin everywhere rife in the world, found, when it sought consciously to examine the causes of sin's pre-eminence, the most rational explanation in a denial of a benevolent providence; but he was then compelled to abandon his disbelief, seeing signs of goodness and of a noble design behind the universe. Finally he attributes the wickedness of the world to men's betrayal of the Divine purpose, while affirming his belief in an ultimate good which transcends all evil.

Instinctive passion has given way to thought, and the effort to express thought has left its mark on every detail of *The Atheist's Tragedy*, from the manipulation of the plot and characters to the structure of the verse. But in spite of the lucidity of the language, the play is not a successful exposition of a philosophy. It affirms, but it

cannot logically prove. The overthrow of atheism and the triumph of faith represent something that Tourneur passionately feels—and even more passionately wants to feel; for, perhaps, in face of the vice that still crowds in upon his sight, he has not even yet entirely persuaded himself of the truth of what he so anxiously asserts. In any case, for all the show of reason, the ultimate appeal must still be to passion. And it is because here passion is not spontaneously expressed, but is overlaid by the thought-driven argument of one who strives to prove what can only be believed, that the play is less successful than Tourneur's earlier masterpiece, where passion dominated the conception and swept headlong through the verse.<sup>1</sup> The nightmare of the mind produced greater poetry, a grander and more terrible art; but the later play is an important sequel for the reader fascinated by Tourneur's horror, suggesting where the revulsion he felt for human wickedness was to lead him, and affording a valuable clue to the development of his mind.

<sup>1</sup> It is to be noted that when imagination is dominant in *The Atheist's Tragedy*, as in the hallucinations of D'Amville, Tourneur retains his former skill in the delineation of passion. And it is then that the play achieves its greatest tragic strength.

## MARVELL AND THE POETRY OF RURAL SOLITUDE

BY M. C. BRADBROOK

Solitude, intimacy, retirement; these are new conceptions of the seventeenth century, when the communal life of great households was gradually transformed into something approaching privacy.<sup>1</sup> With the disappearance of the great bands of servants, the rejection of the hall in favour of the parlour, with the growth of social intercourse, a new attitude towards solitude appears in literature. It is advocated as a virtuous state, leading to self-examination and a healthy conscience; it is celebrated as improving to the intellectual faculties. Moreover it is enjoyed, not as a relief from society but as a positive pleasure in itself, as a taste to be cultivated. Solitude went with the new feeling for country landscape which could only have been born of temporary exile in the town. The growth of cities revealed the countryside to the writer: "As one who long in populous City pent. . . ." <sup>2</sup>

The complex of feeling for solitude was evolved earlier in France than it was in England, and by 1630 it had become almost unfashionable. On the appearance of his *Prince Guez de Balzac* was reproved for dwelling on the personal and individual quality of his feelings for nature, and thenceforth confined them to his Latin poetry. The French interest in solitude was shown before the opening of the seventeenth century, for Montaigne in his essay *De La Solitude* (livre I, chapitre xxxviii) foreshadows much of what was later to be thought. He sees solitude as the antithesis of ambition, the mark of the world-despising stoic, although he notes the paradox, "Respondons à l'ambition, Que c'est elle mesme qui nous donne goust de la solitude: car que fuit-elle tant que la société? que cherche-elle tant que ses coudees franches?" Montaigne's proportion sum of Solitude: Ambition: Stoicism: Hedonism was a high tribute when

<sup>1</sup> See e.g. *Life in a Noble Household* and *The Russells in Bloomsbury*, by G. Scott Thompson.

<sup>2</sup> *Paradise Lost*, ix. 445.

the Senecal Man was everyone's ideal, and it persisted even after stoicism had ceased to be so generally popular; at least in England, where Puritan asceticism made easy the substitution of a more religious attitude.

In France the poetry of the "Libertins"—Racan (1589-1670), Théophile (1591-1626), and Saint-Amant (1594-1661)—consistently praises solitude, but it is solitude of another kind. *La Solitude*, the most celebrated poem of Saint-Amant, which made his reputation for him, was translated into English by such different persons as Thomas Lord Fairfax, Marvell's employer, and the Matchless Orinda. *La Solitude* is really a landscape poem; it does not moralize but depicts with curious felicity the country pleasures, from the marsh full of aquatic birds to the horrid precipices which seem to invite the suicide of despairing lovers. The passage most interesting to the student of Marvell is that where he describes the sun reflected in water, making another sun.<sup>1</sup> Like the tide in *Bermudas*, this sea rolls ashore "Des diamants, de l'ambergris, Et mille autres choses de prix".

Tantost la plus claire du monde,  
Elle semble un miroir flottant,  
Et nous represente à l'instant  
Encore d'autres cieus sous l'onde.  
Le soleil s'y fait si bien voir,  
Y contemplant son beau visage,  
Qu'on est quelque temps à sçavoir  
Si c'est luy-mesme, ou son image,  
Et d'abord il semble à nos yeux  
Qu'il s'est laissé tomber des cieus.

Sometimes soe Cleare & soe serene  
Itt seems as 'twere a looking glass,  
And to our Vewes presenting seemes  
As heauens beneath the water was  
The Sun in it's soe clearely seene  
That contemplating this bright sight  
As 'twas a doubt whether itt had beene  
Himselfe or image gaue the light  
Att first appearing to our eyes  
As if he had falne from the skyes.

(Trans. T. Fairfax.)

Another poem of Saint-Amant, *La Jouissance*, may have been in Marvell's mind when he wrote the woodland scene of *Upon Appleton House* (LXI-LXXVIII). It describes a luscious piece of love-making in a wood. The poem was translated by Thomas Stanley and published in 1651. Stanley was connected with the Fairfax family, for his private tutor was William Fairfax, son of Edward Fairfax, the translator of Tasso. The tutor of Mary Fairfax may therefore have been acquainted with his work. Stanley toned down and considerably cut his original, but his translation serves to show the general interest in the work of Saint-Amant.

The woodland setting became the usual one for poems on solitude. It inevitably allowed less interest in the landscape than such scenes as that of *La Solitude*, but it threw the poet back upon a more narrative style.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. many passages in *Upon Appleton House* and *The Garden*, VI.

Tantost, feignant un peu de crainte,  
 Je disois à ceste Beauté  
 Pour sonder sa fidélité,  
 Que son humeur estoit contrainte :  
 Tantost d'un visage mourant,  
 Je luy tenois en souspirant,  
 Ces propos de glace & de flame,  
 Oserois-je esperer, ô Miracle des Cieux,  
 D'estre aussi bien dedans ton ame,  
 Comme ente regardant ie me voy dans tes  
 yeux ?

Lors elle disoit toute esmeuë  
 En m'accusant de peu de foy  
 Lysis, ton image est en moy  
 Bien plus avant que dans la veuë :  
 Je t'en prends toy mesme à tesmoin,  
 Reconnoy qu'elle est bien plus loin,  
 Puis qu'elle y paroist si petite ;  
 Et croy que tu la voids, par un regard  
 fatal,  
 Dans mon cœur où l'amour habite,  
 Comme on voit un portrait au travers  
 d'un cristal.

A ce discours l'ame ravie  
 De ne sçavoir que repartir,  
 Je la priois de consentir  
 Aux vœux de l'amoureuse envie :  
 Et pour terminer tout debat,  
 Je l'invitois au doux esbat  
 Où jamais femme ne se lasse :  
 L'estreignant en l'ardeur qui m'avait  
 provoqué,  
 Mieux que le Houbelon n'embrasse  
 L'Aubespine qui l'ayme dont il est  
 piqué.

Then to my dear (as if afraid  
 To try her doubted faith) I said,  
 "Would in thy soul my form as clear,  
 As in thy eyes I see it, were."

She kindly angry saith, "Thou art  
 Drawn more at large within my heart ;  
 These figures in my eye appear  
 But small, because they are not near,  
 Thou through these glasses seest thy face,  
 As pictures through their crystal case."

Now with delight transported, I  
 My wreathed arms about her tie ;  
 The flattering Ivy never holds  
 Her husband Elm in stricter folds :  
 (Trans. Thomas Stanley,  
 ed. G. Saintsbury.)

As a poet Stanley writes with a gusto which robs his countryside of all contemplative quiet. His manner is often akin to that of Lovelace<sup>1</sup>: the poem on *The Glow-worm* does not, however, reach the charm of Lovelace's *Grasshopper*, much less that of Marvell's *The Mower to the Glo-worms*; but the underlying conceit (that his mistress outshines the glow-worms) is the same in Stanley and Marvell.

In so far as Marvell was parodying *La Jouyssance* in *Appleton House*, he does so with a gusto no less than that of his original:

Bind me ye *Woodbines*, in your 'twines,  
 Curle me about ye gadding *Vines*,  
 And Oh so close your Circles lace,  
 That I may never leave this Place.

*Upon Appleton House, LXXVII.*

Instead of the plants providing metaphors for the love-making they are directly substituted for the mistress, and the passage certainly gains in point if it is seen as a parody of a tradition. Perhaps too

<sup>1</sup> E.g. his *Song*, "When I lie burning in her eye", has some connection with *To Althea from Prison*.

Marvell's reflection that Mary Fairfax did not imbibe French morals with the French language<sup>1</sup> may be a little more excusable if her family circle were in the habit of reading Saint-Amant, who was very licentious, and Théophile, who was banished, like Ovid, on account of his writings.

*La Solitude* of Théophile is also a solitude à deux, though the beauties of the thick wood in which the scene is laid are more than a background; they are again, by means of metaphors, incorporated into the poem.

Preste-moy ton sein pour y boire  
Des odeurs qui m'embasmeront:  
Ainsi mes sens se pasmeront  
Dans les lacs de tes bras d'yvoire.  
Je baigneray mes mains folastres  
Dans les ondes de tes cheveux,  
Et ta beauté prendra les vœux  
De mes œillades idolastres.

In Théophile's poems *Contre l'Hyver* and *Le Matin*, there is a freshness and an exactitude which recalls Marvell. But *La Solitude* can have served only to heighten by contrast Marvell's refusal to consider an Eve in his Paradise.

Honorat de Racan's *Stances*, "Tircis, il faut penser à faire la retraite" are an attack on ambition in a stoic vein:

Roi de ses passions, il a ce qu'il desire,  
Son fertile domain est son petit empire.

sounds at first like the beginnings of a new creed of sublimation, but turns out to be literally a dissuasive from Court life, and its dangers, with a recommendation to live on one's own estate.

The English attitude towards solitude is a fusion of the stoic one represented by Montaigne, and the delight in country pleasure which is typical of the "Libertins". The Elizabethans had, of course, written many poems on country pleasures, but they were chiefly about the superiority of contented poverty, such as Greene's

Sweet are the thoughts that savour of content;  
The quiet mind is richer than a crown. . . .

or Dekker's

Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?  
O sweet content! . . .

an attitude summed up by Shakespeare in the midnight soliloquies of King Henry IV. There is here no question of solitude at all, though, of course, a measure of stoicism is present. The new attitude

<sup>1</sup> To his worthy Friend Doctor Witty, ll. 20-25. A passage which M. Legouis notes with just indignation "from the countryman of Shakespeare to the country of Corneille".



emerges in the Spenserians—in Drayton, Drummond, Browne, and Wither *circa* 1613, and again in the Fletchers and the last work of Drayton *circa* 1630. Milton, in *Il Penseroso* (1645), gathers up in one passage most of the new themes:

And joyn with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,  
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,  
And hears the Muses in a ring  
Ay round about *Joves* Altar sing,  
And adde to these retired leasure,  
That in trim Gardens takes his pleasure;  
But first, and chiefest, with thee bring,  
Him that yon soars on golden wing,  
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,  
The Cherub Contemplation.

The "wide-water'd shoar" and the "arched walks of twilight groves" which come later are also familiar in this period. Milton strikes a higher note than Greene or Dekker. It is not the superiority in contentment which the retired life supplies, but its moral superiority which he celebrates. In this Marvell was to echo him. But before considering Marvell, there is another poet who added to the tradition, and possibly influenced Marvell also.

This is Mildmay Fane, second Earl of Westmoreland, who published a single volume of poems, *Otia Sacra* (1648). Fane married Dorothy Vere, the sister of Anne Vere, Lady Fairfax, and therefore, as the Veres were a very attached family, it is probable that Marvell was introduced to the work of his employer's brother-in-law. Fane was also the friend of Cleveland and Herrick. Herrick addressed two poems to Fane, in one of which he urges him to publish his poetry; he also dedicated to Fane one of the best—if not the best—of his lyrics, *The Hock-Cart*. In spite of these poetic connections, Fane cannot be said to be a good poet; but in two poems, *My Happy Life*, and *To Retiredness* he rises above mediocrity. Here he has something of Herrick's richness, and a sincere religious fervour which Herrick did not always command. It is in this paradoxical union of the ascetic and the epicure that Fane most decisively modifies the tradition and stands nearest to Marvell. His poem begins with conventional stoicism, but it is not conventionally described.

For in the Cluster of affaires,  
Whence there are dealing severall shares:  
As in a Trick Thou hast convey'd  
Into my hand what can be said;  
Whilst He who doth himself possess,  
Makes all things pass him seem farr less.

Fane, *To Retiredness*, I.

How vainly men themselves amaze  
To win the Palm, the Oke, or Bayes, . . .  
While all Flow'rs and all Trees do close  
To weave the Garlands of repose. . . .  
Fair quiet, have I found thee here,  
And Innocence, thy Sister dear! . . .  
Society is all but rude,  
To this delicious Solitude.

Marvell, *The Garden*, I, II.

The "trick", the sense of a lightning substitution of one thing for another, is one of Marvell's most familiar habits of thought. Another stanza rejects Riches, Honours, and Ambition in more detail, and Fane then turns to Nature and watches the seasonal changes,

Which whilst my Contemplation sees,  
I am taught Thankfulness from trees.  
*To Retiredness, III.*

. . . At some Fruit-trees mossy root,  
Casting the Bodies Vest aside,  
My Soul into the boughs does glide.  
*The Garden, VII.*

Then, "turning over Nature's leaf," he watches the harvesting, and enjoys the contrast with the world of affairs which it affords him. (Here the influence of Herrick is felt: the Hock Cart itself appears in stanza v.)

Here, is no other Case in Law,  
But what the Sun-burnt Hat of Straw,  
With crooked Sickle reaps and bindes—  
Up into Sheaves to help the hindes.  
*To Retiredness, V.*

And now the careless Victors play,  
Dancing the Triumphs of the Hay:  
Where every Mowers wholesome Heat  
Smells like an *Alexanders sweat*.  
*Upon Appleton House, LIV.*

The country life here is directly substituted for the life of the world, with which it is equated by means of the metaphors. This, however, is still a world of retiredness but not of solitude. In the next stanza the poet is quite alone, except for the birds and trees:

. . . what Excels  
All Musick, Nature's Minstrels  
Piping and Chirping, as they sit  
Embow'd in branches, dance to it:  
And if at all Those doe contest,  
It is in this, but, which sings best:  
And when they have contended long,  
I [though unseen] must judg the Song.  
*To Retiredness, VI.*

Thus I, easie Philosopher,  
Among the *Birds and Trees* confer:  
And little now to make me, wants  
Or of the *Fowles*, or of the *Plants*.  
Give me but Wings as they, and I  
Streight floting on the Air shall fly:  
Or turn me but, and you shall see  
I was but an inverted Tree.  
*Upon Appleton House, LXXI.*

Finally Fane reaches the intellectual improvement and the religious ecstasy which Solitude encourages: "retired leasure" has brought in its train "the Cherub Contemplation".

I hugg my Quiet, and alone  
Take thee for my Companion,  
And deem in doing so, I've all  
I can True Conversation call:  
For so my Thoughts, by this retreat  
Grow stronger, like contracted heat.  
Whether on Natures Book I muse,  
Or else some other writes on't use . . .  
They ravish into Mysterie,  
To see the footsteps here are trod  
Of mercy by a Gracious God.  
*To Retiredness, VII, VIII.*

Meanwhile the Mind, from pleasure less,  
Withdraws into its happiness:  
The Mind that Ocean where each kind  
Does streight its own resemblance find;  
Yet it creates, transcending these,  
Far other Worlds and other Seas;  
Annihilating all that's made  
To a green Thought in a green Shade.  
*The Garden, VI.*

Out of these scatter'd *Sibyls* Leaves  
Strange *Prophecies* my Phancy weaves:  
And in one History consumes,  
Like *Mexique Paintings*, all the *Plumes*.  
What *Rome, Greece, Palestine*, ere said  
I in this light *Mosaick* read.  
Thrice happy he, who, not mistook,  
Hath read in *Nature's mystick Book*.  
*Upon Appleton House, LXXIII.*

Fane had a simpler mind than Marvell, and in the other poem, *My Happy Life*, he is contentedly sunk in rural domesticities. But *To Retiredness* shows the power to combine an unfettered enjoyment of the world of sense with a consistent desire to interpret it religiously. "Nature's Mystic Book" was a common conception in the age, and one that served it well. It allows Fane to unite the stoicism of Montaigne with something of the unfettered exuberance of the "Libertins".

Marvell's two passages on the delights of Solitude (*Upon Appleton House*, LXI-LXXVIII, and *The Garden*) have much in common with Fane, as the parallel passages above will show. In *Upon Appleton House*, he too retreats only after sharing in a very lively scene of harvesting, but the retreat is marked by a greater feeling of relief. In "this yet green, yet growing Ark" he "incamps (my) Mind" against the darts of Beauty and the World. He notes curiously all the birds, "the hatching *Thrastle's* shining eye" gleaming through the thick hazels, the heron, the woodpecker, and the rest. When he feels his transformation, the whole scene takes on for him a mystic unity: all the leaves become Sibyl's leaves, all the birds' feathers form a picture, like the feather-pictures of the Mexicans; it even becomes prophetic, *Mosaic*. This sudden sense of unity gives him a happiness more exuberant than the "mysterie" of Fane. He calls on these living woods to replace that Beauty against which he has incamped his mind.

Bind me, ye *Woodbines*, in your 'twines,  
Curle me about ye gadding *Vines*,  
And Oh so close your *Circles* lace,  
That I may never leave this Place.

*Upon Appleton House*, LXXVII.

The heightened apprehension, the acute enjoyment place this at a far distance from anything that could be called asceticism.

*The Garden* is a more mature and a yet more complex poem. Marvell, like Fane, seeks for Quiet and Innocence in the Garden: he too compares it with the world—but again it is with the lovemaking of the fashionable world and even the loves of the gods that he contrasts this solitude. His transformation of this world "to a green Thought, in a green Shade" is possible only because the richness of the garden satisfies his senses.

What wond'rous Life is this I lead!  
Ripe Apples drop about my head;  
The Luscious Clusters of the Vine  
Upon my Mouth do crush their Wine;

*The Garden*, V.

The religious transformation, when his soul glides into the boughs, where, ". . . like a Bird, it sits, and sings," follows upon the first

transformations. The feelings must be satisfied before the contemplative state is attained. Afterwards he returns to earth, and to the details of the garden, refreshed, and more secure.

Such a poem shows not only a much more complex but also a much more personal attitude. The "I" of the poem is no mere first person singular. If it is not autobiographical, the poem is conceived as the experience of a single mind at a single time and place. It is not generalized, and it does not record a common experience but an exceptional one. The quality of sensibility in Saint-Amant was perhaps equally individual, but it was much less self-conscious. The fact that Marvell translated this poem into Latin seems to show that he was especially interested in the experience, though in the Latin a great deal of its highly personal quality is necessarily lost.

The tradition of poems on solitude did not die at the Restoration. In his *Essays in Prose and Verse* (1668), Cowley includes an Essay on Solitude.<sup>1</sup> He begins by ridiculing the old stoic attitude as expressed in a favourite stoic tag. "*Nunquam minus solus, quam cum solus*, is now become a very vulgar saying."<sup>2</sup> He politely corrects "*Monsieur de Montaigne*" about Ambition and Solitude, though he borrows a quotation which Montaigne had used: "*in solis tu mihi turba locis*" (Tibullus, iv. iii. 18).

The prose part of the essay is mere chit-chat, but the poem has some interesting echoes of the earlier work. Like Saint-Amant, Théophile, and Marvell in *Upon Appleton House*, Cowley sets the scene in a wood.

Hail, old *Patrician* Trees, so great and good!

Hail, ye *Plebeian* underwood! . . .

He describes how the gods come down to the woods, and goes on:

Here Nature does a House for me erect,  
Nature the wisest Architect,  
Who those fond Artists does despise  
That can the fair and living Trees  
neglect;  
Yet the Dead Timber prize.

Here let me careless and unthoughtful  
lying,

Hear the soft winds above me flying,  
With all their wanton Boughs dispute,  
And the more tuneful Birds to both re-  
plying,  
Nor be myself too Mute.

*The Solitude*, III, IV.

Within this sober Frame expect  
Work of no Forrein Architect:

That unto Caves the Quarries drew,  
And Forrests did to Pastures hew.

*Upon Appleton House*, I.

So Architects do square and hew,  
Green trees that in the forest grew.  
*Dialogue between the Soul and Body*, IV.

Then languishing with Ease, I toss  
On Pallets swoln of Velvet Moss:  
Whilst the Wind, cooling through the  
Boughs,

Flatters with Air my panting Brows.  
*Upon Appleton House*, LXXV.

<sup>1</sup> In view of the parallels drawn between Cowley's verse and Marvell's, it should be noted that Marvell's verse was not in print till 1681.

<sup>2</sup> This very tag had been printed by Mildmay Fane as a marginal comment on *To Retiredness*.

He then goes on to describe the happiness of the solitary Adam:

As soon as two (alas!) together joyn'd, The Serpent made up Three. <i>The Solitude, VII.</i>	Two Paradises 'twere in one To live in Paradise alone. <i>The Garden, VIII.</i>
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God loves solitude and Himself chose it before the creation of the world. Thus it is a holy state for man, and will "break and tame th'unruly heart". Finally, Cowley describes the intellectual benefits of solitude in an image identical with that used by Fane:

Thou the faint beams of Reason's scatter'd Light Dost like a Burning-glass unite, Dost multiply the feeble Heat, And fortifie the strength, till thou dost bright And noble Fires beget. <i>The Solitude, X.</i>	And so my Thoughts, by this Retreat Grow stronger, like contracted Heat. <i>To Retiredness, VII.</i>  Meanwhile the Mind, from pleasure less, Withdraws into its happiness. <i>The Garden, VI.</i>
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Cowley ends with a solemn warning to the "Monster London", who he fears will laugh at his taste for solitude. But if all wicked men were driven out of London it would be itself "a Solitude almost".

This last recognition of the claims of the town would certainly not have occurred in any earlier writer. In spite of his appeals to morals and religion, Cowley feels the claims of society paramount, and is almost playing truant. He is, perhaps, not altogether serious in this poem, as it seems to link on to a controversy between Sir George Mackenzie and John Evelyn on the relative merits of retiredness and public life, a controversy which was confessedly not serious on Evelyn's side, at least.<sup>1</sup>

An even later example of the *genre* is Charles Cotton's *The Retirement, Stanzas Irreguliers, To Mr. Izaak Walton*, published with Part II of *The Compleat Angler* in 1676. It is Cotton's best poem. Naturally the tone is at first pious and moral:

Farewell, thou busy World, and may  
 We never meet again. . . .  
 O Solitude! the soul's best friend! . . . ,

but it passes into warmer praise of his "fair Dove, Princess of rivers" and of the rocks and caves of Derbyshire. The poem is extremely simple, warm, and personal: it is indeed so personal that it is on the very fringe of the tradition. Cotton had too good reason to love

<sup>1</sup> In 1665 Sir George Mackenzie wrote *A Moral Essay on Solitude, preferring it to Public Employment, &c.* In reply Evelyn wrote another essay, *Public Employment and An Active Life with its Appanages Preferred to Solitude* (1667). He sent a copy of his essay to Cowley, saying, however, that he did not mean it seriously. Cowley wrote asking for Mackenzie's book and showed great interest. But as this only happened two months before his death, his own essay (published posthumously) may have been already written.

solitude, for he was often so deeply in debt that he was forced to hide from his creditors in his "beloved caves".

O my beloved caves! from dogstar heats,  
And hotter persecution safe retreats,  
What safety, privacy, what true delight  
In the artificial night  
Your gloomy entrails make  
Have I taken, do I take!  
How oft, when grief has made me fly  
To hide me from Society,  
Even of my dearest Friends, have I  
In your recesses' friendly shade  
All my sorrows open laid,  
And my most secret woes entrusted to your privacy!

This is a confession almost in the Rousseauistic sense; and the framework of ideas that was perceptible still in the work of Cowley has now disappeared. The poetry of solitude in England achieved its greatest heights in the work of Milton and of Marvell; for when a subject has reached the point of being discussed in pamphlets it is already a little overblown for poetry.



## THE EARLY VERSION OF SHENSTONE'S PASTORAL BALLAD

BY D. NICHOL SMITH

Shenstone's *Pastoral Ballad* is known to have undergone extensive revision before it was published in 1755 in the fourth volume of Dodsley's *Collection of Poems*. His letters show that he submitted an early draft to his friends Richard Jago and Richard Graves. To Jago he says in the summer of 1743:

I send you my pastoral elegy (or ballad, if you think that name more proper), on condition that you return it with ample remarks in your next letter: I say "return it", because I have no other copy, and am too indolent to take one.

On December 23 he writes to Graves:

I will alter the ballad according to your advice; dividing it into three parts, and adding a stanza or two to the shortest, some time or other.

On March 1, 1744, he tells Jago that the ballad "is now a good deal metamorphosed".

Graves himself has left the following account of the ballad in his *Recollection of some Particulars in the Life of the late William Shenstone*, 1788 (pp. 103-4):

He had always admired Rowe's song of the "Despairing Shepherd", said to have been written on Mr. Addison and the Countess of Warwick. And, I believe, on parting from Miss G—— on some occasion, Mr. Shenstone first sketched out his "Pastoral Ballad" in that style; which I saw two or three years before he went to Cheltenham, in the summer of 1743. But meeting there, and becoming very intimate with Miss C——, who is still living, he became so far enamoured, as to feel himself unhappy on leaving Cheltenham and the object of his passion. On this occasion he enlarged, and divided it into the four distinct parts, under the titles of "Absence", "Hope", "Solicitude", and "Disappointment".

This account is not wholly accurate, but from it and the letters we learn that Shenstone had begun the ballad before his visit to Cheltenham in the summer of 1743, and that as a result of this visit he worked at it in the following winter, and divided it into parts. At first he thought of three parts. It was in shape by March 1744.

When the poem was published in Dodsley's *Collection* in March

1755 it was divided into four parts with titles as Graves gave them in 1788. But Graves was wrong in implying that it bore these titles as early as 1743-4. We now know that it had been divided into four parts, not three, but that the titles were added in the course of further revision, when the whole poem was remodelled. Shenstone continued to consult his friends till he found courage to send his poem to the printer. Writing to Lady Luxborough on January 10, 1755, he says:

The Objections you made to the Canto on *Sollicitude* I believe are entirely just. I have therefore omitted a considerable part of it, and endeavour'd to improve the rest; but with what *success*, I want greatly to be satisfy'd.

Somehow Percy saw the poem in its earlier form. How, and when, we do not know. He had paid a visit to Shenstone at the Leasowes in 1753, but their friendship did not ripen till he was engaged on the *Reliques*. We can only surmise that Percy was shown the poem by one of their common friends. He procured a copy, and was able to write thus to Shenstone on December 19, 1761:

But when you come to revise your poems, let me beseech you not to be too excessive in your corrections; your taste is so exceedingly refined and you are so incapable of being satisfied, that I always tremble when you take up the pruning-hook. I am fully convinced that in many Instances a Man's first warm thoughts are best, and the world will better receive striking animated and glowing expression, even accompanied with some little roughness or impropriety, than the same reduced to a cold insipid correctness. The later I know can seldom be your case; but I also know that you have many times corrected and re-corrected a charming poem of yours till it has been divested of many of its most beautiful peculiarities. —By good luck I have a first original Copy of your pastoral Ballad, in 4 parts,

“Ye shepherds so chearful and gay” &c.

which, tho' it contains some Improprieties not to be found in that printed in the Miscel. Vol. iv, is in my eye far preferable to it, as containing a much richer vein of poetry.

To this Shenstone replied in January 1762:

Tis possible that some parts in your Copy of my ballad may appear preferable to those that were finally inserted. But this was not owing to *over-correction*, but to the decision of Friends, who on my shewing them a number of stanzas (upon whose merit I could not determine) occasioned me to reject some, and admit others, as their Tastes were more or less fond of *Art*. In short I believe many of the *rejected* and the *inserted* stanzas were written almost simultaneously. There is however a time when this Labour does mischief. Tis when writers (of whom you may recollect some) think they can not too much *stiffen*, or *raise*, or alienate their Language from the common Idiom. By this they procure a Kind of Homage, parallel

to what is acquired by a *reserved behaviour*—the Dignity of Distance—the awe pertaining to Eastern monarchs—but never once the more valuable effects of genuine affection or sincere applause.

By this time Shenstone was content to leave his ballad as it was. The collected edition of his *Works*, which he was considering but did not live to see, reproduced the text in Dodsley's *Collection* with only one slight change—"entwines" for "twines".

The earlier form survives in a transcript by Percy, but it is not the copy of which he told Shenstone in 1761. It occupies the two final fly-leaves of the first volume in Percy's copy of the collected edition, and this volume was published in 1764. The writing is carefully proportioned to allow each page to hold one of the four parts. At the foot of the first page of the printed version in this copy (vol. I, p. 189) Percy has written this note:

These Pastoral Songs were divested too much of their easy unaffected simplicity by the elaborate Corrections of Mr. Shenstone and his friends: at the end of this Volume it may be seen how they were originally written. The volume is now in the Percy collection in the Bodleian Library.

The text of this transcript is here printed in full. Contractions are expanded, and punctuation marks are added, but only at the end of the line.<sup>1</sup>

#### RECOLLECTION, OR THE SHEPHERD'S GARLAND

consisting of Four New Pastoral Ballads, written  
after leaving Cheltenham, 1743

*Hic gellidi Fontes, hic mollia prata, Lycori,  
Hic nemus, hic ipso tecum consumerer ævo.*

Ye Shepherds so chearful and gay  
That tend your few Sheep on the plain,  
If mine ever happen to stray  
Ah! call the poor vagrants again.

Allow me to muse and to sigh  
Nor talk of the change that ye find,  
None once was more active than I,  
I have left my dear Phyllis behind.

Now I know what it is to have strove  
With a mixture of doubt and desire,  
What it is to admire and to love  
And to leave what we love and admire.

<sup>1</sup> Owing to the nature and extent of Shenstone's revisions it has not proved practicable to print the revised ballad of 1755 side by side with the text of Percy's transcript.—Ed. *R.E.S.*

Ah! lead forth my flock in the morn  
And the damps of the Evening repell,  
Alas! I am faint and forlorn,  
I have bid my dear Phyllis farewell.

Since Phyllis vouchsaf'd me a look  
I never once dreamt of my vine,  
Ev'n perish my Sheep and my Crook  
If I knew of a Kid that was mine.

I priz'd every hour that went by  
Beyond all that had pleas'd me before,  
But now they are over I sigh  
That I priz'd the dear moments no more.

But why do I languish in vain,  
Why wander thus pensively here,  
Or why have I come from the plain  
Where I fed on the smiles of my dear?

They tell me my favourite maid  
The pride of those valleys is flown,  
Alas! where with her I have stray'd  
I could wander with pleasure alone.

When forc'd the fair Nymph to foregoe  
What anguish I felt at my heart,  
Yet I thought (but it might not be so)  
'Twas with pain that she saw me depart.

She cast such a languishing view  
My path I could no where discern,  
So sweetly she bade me adieu,  
I thought that she bade me return.

#### PART THE SECOND

My Banks they are furnish'd with bees  
Whose murmur invites one to sleep,  
My Waters are shaded with trees,  
And my hills are white over with Sheep.

I seldom have met with a Loss,  
Such health do my Pastures bestow,  
And where they are cover'd with moss  
Ev'n there do the Bilberries grow.

Methinks she might like to retire  
To the Grove I have labour'd to rear,  
For whatever I heard her admire  
I hasted and planted it there.

O how sudden the Sweetbriar strove  
And the Myrtle to render it gay,  
The Willow—so fatal to love—  
The Willow alone is away.

Were I sure that Arabia could boast  
A flow'r or a shrub to her mind  
I could sail to the feverish coast  
The favourite blossom to find.

With speed could thy Lover depart  
And meet the rough seas with a smile,  
But ah! it would go to my heart  
To be absent from Phyllis the while.

Not a pine in my coppice is seen  
But with circles of Woodbine 'tis bound,  
Not a Linden's more beautiful green  
But a Jessamine twines it around.

Dear Regions of Silence and shade,  
Soft scenes of contentment and ease,  
Where I could have pleasingly stray'd  
If ought in her absence could please.

But where does my Phyllida stray,  
And where are her Grotts and her bow'rs?  
Are the Groves and the Valleys as gay  
And the Shepherds as gentle as ours?

The Groves may perhaps be as fair  
And the look of the Valleys as fine  
The Shepherds in candour compare,  
But their Love is not equal to mine.

PART THE THIRD

The Nightengales flock to my groves  
To gaze on the Roses that blow,<sup>1</sup>  
So sweetly they warble their loves  
The Larks sit and listen arow.

But an' if my dear Phyllis should deign  
With their tender complainings to vie  
They might vary their accents in vain  
And Poets affirm they would die.

I have found out a Gift for my dear,  
I have found where the Wood-pigeons breed,  
But then if I rob them I fear  
She might say 'twas a barbarous deed;

<sup>1</sup> Alluding to the Eastern Fable that the Nightengale is enamoured of the Rose.

For she said he could never be true  
Who could rob a poor bird of its young,  
And I lov'd her the more when I knew  
Such tenderness flow from her tongue.

I loved her the more, when she told  
How that pity was due to a Dove,  
That it ever attended the bold,  
And she call'd it the sister of Love.

But her Words such a pleasure convey,  
So much I her accents adore,  
Let her speak and whatever she say  
Methinks I coul'd love her the more.

O the sound it is yet in my ear,  
My pipe and my hautboy adieu,  
So long as her accents I hear  
I can find little music in you.

No longer can Strephon be mov'd  
With the pleasures that once were his care,  
Ev'n the Streams and the hills that I lov'd  
Look but ill in the road to my fair.

If then I must bear the dull plain  
Come, Shepherds, and tell of her ways,  
I could lay down my life for the Swain  
That will speak in my Phyllida's praise.

When he sings, may the Nymphs of the town  
Come flocking and listen the while,  
Nay on him let not Phyllida frown,  
But I cannot allow her to smile.

#### PART THE FOURTH

With her charms she engages the brave,  
With her Wit she enamours the free,  
With her Modesty pleases the grave,  
She is every way pleasing to me.

The Laplander pining with care  
As he glides o'er his kingdom of snow  
Should he catch but a glimpse of my fair  
Would perceive his cold bosom to glow.

To see when my charmer goes by  
Some Hermit peep out of his cell  
How he thinks of his youth with a sigh,  
How fondly he wishes her well;



To him let her friendly appear,  
Let her praise the retreat he has chose  
The fount so delightfully clear  
And the Moss that affords him repose.

But when Paridel tries in the dance  
Some favour with Phyllis to find,  
O then with a trivial glance  
She might ruin the peace of my mind;

For Paridel artfully tells  
A smooth and fantastical tale,  
Can show her wherein she excells  
The Lilly that graces the vale.

Away to the Garden he flies  
And pillages every sweet  
And cropping the several dyes  
He lays them at Phyllis's feet.

O Phyllis, he whispers, more fair  
More sweet than the Orange in flow'r,  
Can the Pink in the Morning compare  
Or the tuberose after a show'r?

I steal from the flowers that blow  
To paint forth the Charms I approve,  
For what can a blossom bestow  
So dear so delightful as love?

I sing in a mystical way  
A Shepherd and one of the throng,  
But Phyllis is pleas'd with my lay.  
Go, Poets, and envy my Song.

F I N I S

Comparison with the text of 1755 will show that Percy was right in describing the revision as "elaborate". Shenstone did more than hesitate between alternative stanzas. Some of the rejected and the inserted stanzas may have been written, as he said, almost simultaneously; but most of the differences point to revision after a considerable lapse of time. The poem was reconstructed and increased in length from 160 to 216 lines; stanzas were transferred from one part to another; the parts were altered in substance so as to fit their new titles. The last three parts were reshaped as two, and an entirely new fourth part, on the too congenial theme of "Despondency", was added. Hitherto the shepherd had not been without hope; he may

have been one of a throng of admirers, but his attentions were not spurned. Now he has come to find that he need hope no more, for Phyllis, who had been pleased with his lay, has proved to be fickle. The new note and the new structure, quite as much as the more careful writing, explain Percy's preference for the happier poem in which the sun is never hidden. The best passages had been little changed. If the poem had lost some part of its easy, unaffected simplicity, it had also lost some things which were better away. The larks that sit comfortably in a row listening enviously to the song of the nightingale had discreetly departed.

Shenstone's remarks on the problems of style show that he aimed at simplicity in diction. He was opposed to the growing tendency to "stiffen or raise" the language of poetry and alienate it from the common idiom. Not in idiom but in what he called "finishing" lies such difference as there is between the styles of the two versions of the *Pastoral Ballad*.

## THE AUTHENTICITY OF SMOLLETT'S ODE TO INDEPENDENCE

BY LUELLA F. NORWOOD

Smollett's posthumous poem, the *Ode to Independence*, was first published in 1773,<sup>1</sup> two years after his death, at Glasgow, by Robert and Andrew Foulis, famous printers of eighteenth-century Glasgow. On the title-page of this first edition the authorship is ascribed to "the late T. Smollett, M.D." On a leaf between the title-page and the first leaf of text appears the following note:

The Public may depend upon the authenticity of the following Ode. It is printed from the author's manuscript, which was communicated to the editors by a Gentleman with whom Dr. Smollett was much connected.

No authority for the note is given, and no information to identify either the "editors" or the "Gentleman with whom Dr. Smollett was much connected" who "communicated" the manuscript to the editors. At the end of the poem, on two leaves immediately following the text, are printed "Observations" on the literary merits of the *Ode* and on the quality of lyric poetry in general, being, as Robert Chambers describes them, "some critical, but chiefly panegyrical remarks".<sup>2</sup> These remarks provide no information on the composition or the publication of the poem, nor any clue to its author.

When the *Ode* was reprinted in London for J. Murray in 1774,<sup>3</sup> an "Advertisement" on the recto of a leaf between the title-page and

<sup>1</sup> "Ode/To/Independence./ By The Late/ T. Smollett, M.D./ With/Notes/ And/Observations./ Glasgow:/ Printed By Robert And Andrew Foulis,/ M.DCC.LXXIII." At the end of the "Observations" that accompany the poem, the place and date are set down: "Glasgow, February 23d, 1773." The earliest announcement of the publication of the poem that I have found appears in the *Scots Magazine* in "A catalogue of New Books" for October 1773 (XXXV, 542-3). This magazine was published in Edinburgh, but the announcement refers explicitly to the Glasgow edition in a note: "A few copies only of this poem were thrown off at Glasgow." The poem was therefore first published between February 23 and October, 1773.

<sup>2</sup> Robert Chambers, *Smollett: His Life and a Selection from His Writings*, London and Edinburgh, 1867, p. 202.

<sup>3</sup> "Independence:/An Ode./ By the Late T. Smollet, M.D./ [Double rule]/ London:/ Printed for J. Murray, at No. 32, Fleet-Street,/ MDCCLXXIV."

the text combined the assertion of authenticity with the gist of the "Observations" from the Glasgow edition, but gave no further information on the authorship of the poem. The "Advertisement" reads as follows:

That this Poem is authentic we have the best Authority: That it has high Merit no one will doubt, who has the smallest Pretension to Taste. It has all the Enthusiasm and poetic Colouring which suit the Ode; and it breathes a Spirit of Liberty that would not have disgraced a Citizen of Sparta, or of Rome.

The "Advertisement" vouches for the authenticity of the *Ode* on "the best Authority"; but, as the contemporary critic in the *Monthly Review* adds, "of the nature, extent, or weight of that authority nothing is said".<sup>1</sup> The secret is still well kept.

On the basis of these assertions in the earliest editions of the *Ode*, supported by the fact that it was printed and published by the reputable firm of the Foulis Brothers, the poem came to be regarded as Smollett's and was regularly accorded a place in the early editions of his works. The assumption that it was his was further established by its inclusion in the first collected edition of Smollett's *Plays and Poems*, published anonymously in London in 1777,<sup>2</sup> only four years after its first publication in Glasgow and six years after Smollett's death. From the first, moreover, the spirit of the poem has been recognized to be the spirit of Tobias Smollett. The contemporary critic in the *Monthly Review* felt no hesitation in identifying it by "the peculiar spirit and flow of the Doctor's poetical vein".<sup>3</sup> As Dr. Howard S. Buck puts it in his study of the *Ode*, "nothing in conception or execution could well be more characteristic".<sup>4</sup> From all these considerations the biographers and editors of Smollett for over a century and a half, with only occasional lapses into scepticism, have assumed the poem to be the work of Smollett, and have included it accordingly in his works; but no proof that the "celebrated ode" was certainly written by him has been before the public.

The earliest biographers of Smollett show little acquaintance with his life and none with the *Ode to Independence*. The anonymous author of the first memoir, a short life which appeared in the *Annual Register* two years after the publication of the poem, omits all reference to it.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Monthly Review*, vol. XLIX (December 1773), p. 502.

<sup>2</sup> *Plays and Poems Written by T. Smollett, M.D., with Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the Author*, London, 1777.

<sup>3</sup> *Monthly Review* (December 1773), vol. XLIX, p. 502.

<sup>4</sup> Howard S. Buck, *Smollett as Poet*, New Haven, U.S.A., 1927, p. 71.

<sup>5</sup> *The Annual Register for the Year 1775*, London, 1776, "Characters", pp. 45-50.

The editor, also anonymous, of the first collected edition of any of Smollett's works, the *Plays and Poems* of 1777 already mentioned, gives no authority for his inclusion of the *Ode* in that collection, nor does he mention it in his *Memoir*. The editor, again anonymous, of the first collected edition of Smollett's works, both prose and poetry, likewise is silent on the subject of the *Ode*, though he, like the editor of the *Plays and Poems*, gives it a place among Smollett's works.<sup>1</sup>

Explicit information on this question might be expected from Dr. Robert Anderson and Dr. John Moore in the memoirs prefixed to their respective editions of Smollett's works. Both were fellow Scots, both, like Smollett, were physicians and men of letters, and Dr. Moore was Smollett's friend during all his active years in London.<sup>2</sup>

Dr. Moore, for all this, adds nothing explicit. In view of his relation to Smollett, however, it is significant that he corroborates the assumption of Smollett's authorship of the *Ode* not only by including it among Smollett's works but even more convincingly by admitting no doubt of its authenticity, speaking of the poem as his with unquestioning certainty.

In the *Ode to Independence*, Smollett seems to have collected all the energy and enthusiasm of his poetical powers, describing with judgment and fertility of fancy, the lineage, education, and achievements of Independence, and concluding with sentiments of gratitude for the influence of that power on his own mind, which had preserved him from servility, and enabled him to look with contempt on folly and presumption, though clothed in ermine . . .<sup>3</sup>

In the biography prefixed to the second printing of Dr. Robert Anderson's edition of Smollett's works (1800), this industrious biographer makes no addition to our knowledge of the question of Smollett's authorship of the *Ode*. He does, however, provide the information that the "Observations" appended to the poem "proceeded from the pen of Professor Richardson, well known for his 'Illustrations of Shakespeare', and other ingenious and elegant

<sup>1</sup> *The Miscellaneous Works of Tobias Smollett, M.D.*, Edinburgh, 1790, vol. 1.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. John Moore met Smollett some time before 1750 and continued his connection and correspondence with him from that time until Smollett's death, as is abundantly attested by Moore's *Memoir* of Smollett and by Smollett's letters. See *The Works of Tobias Smollett, M.D., with Memoirs of his Life*, by John Moore, M.D., London, 1797, *Memoir*, vol. 1, pp. cxxiii-cxxv, cxxxvi, clxxv-clxxix, and *passim*; and *The Letters of Tobias Smollett, M.D.*, ed. Edward S. Noyes, Cambridge, U.S.A., 1926, where it is seen that fourteen of the comparatively few letters left by Smollett are addressed to Dr. Moore.

<sup>3</sup> John Moore, *Memoir*, p. clxxxi.

performances".<sup>1</sup> This was William Richardson (1743-1814), Professor of Humanity in the University of Glasgow and a critic and poet of some note. He was intimately acquainted for a period of twenty years with the eminent printers and patrons of letters and arts, Robert and Andrew Foulis.<sup>2</sup> Since, as has been seen, the Foulis Brothers launched the *Ode to Independence* in Glasgow in 1773, and since Professor Richardson wrote the "Observations" for that edition, we find them here associated in presenting Smollett's *Ode* to the world. In this connection Robert Chambers (1867) and David Hannay (1887) speak of Professor Richardson as the friend also of Smollett, but on what authority they do not say.<sup>3</sup> For the rest, with two exceptions, Smollett's biographers merely follow their predecessors. Alexander Chalmers, without citing authority, makes the statement that the *Ode* "was left in manuscript by Smollett".<sup>4</sup> What was probably Chalmers's authority will presently be seen. Being unacquainted with this source of information, Dr. Howard S. Buck presented the case for Smollett's authorship from circumstantial evidence.<sup>5</sup>

Evidence is, however, available for establishing beyond doubt the authenticity of Smollett's *Ode to Independence* and identifying the "editors" and the "Gentleman with whom Smollett was much connected". This information has lain hidden in the later editions of Robert Anderson's *Memoir of Smollett* (which are apparently less

<sup>1</sup> *The Miscellaneous Works of Tobias Smollett, M.D., with Memoirs of His Life and Writings*, by Robert Anderson, M.D., 2nd ed., Edinburgh, 1800, *Memoir*, vol. 1, p. lxxxvii. Dr. Anderson knew Professor Richardson personally. In a letter to Bishop Percy two years later, November 6, 1802, he writes: "I spent a few days with . . . Professor Richardson at Glasgow." See John Nichols, *Illustrations of the Literary History of the Eighteenth Century*, London, 1817-58, vol. vii, p. 107. In a later edition of his *Memoir of Smollett* Dr. Anderson speaks of Professor Richardson as "my learned and ingenious friend". Fifth edition, 1817, p. 159.

<sup>2</sup> William Richardson (born October 1, 1743) entered the University of Glasgow "in his thirteenth year", that is, probably, at the opening of the academic year in 1756. (*D.N.B.*) The Foulis Brothers had been established in the precincts of the University since 1741 as booksellers, printers, and publishers, and their bookshop was "a pleasant lounge and meeting place" for students and scholars. There, probably immediately on his arrival, Richardson met the famous printers, and his association with them as friend, author, and counsellor continued until the death of the brothers in 1775 and 1776.—James MacLehose, *The Glasgow University Press, 1638-1931*, Glasgow, 1931, pp. 157, 158, 161, 162-3, 193; William James Duncan, *Notices and Documents Illustrative of the Literary History of Glasgow*, Glasgow, 1886, pp. x, 31-2, 73-4; David Murray, *Robert and Andrew Foulis and the Glasgow Press*, Glasgow, 1913, pp. 7, 103.

<sup>3</sup> Robert Chambers, *op. cit.*, p. 202; David Hannay, *Life of Tobias George Smollett*, London, 1887, p. 158.

<sup>4</sup> *The Works of the English Poets*, ed. Samuel Johnson and Alexander Chalmers, London, 1810, vol. xv, p. 553.

<sup>5</sup> Howard S. Buck, *op. cit.*, pp. 70-72.



accessible than the well-known second edition of 1800<sup>1</sup>) and in the rare original source presently to be mentioned. In the fifth edition of Anderson's *Memoir* (1817), the statement on the publication of the *Ode* is expanded to give the following interesting information:

The *Observations* . . . proceeded from the classical pen of Professor Richardson, under whose inspection it was printed from the original MS. of Smollett's handwriting, left, with other papers, to Mr. Graham of Gartmore, who communicated it to him for publication.<sup>2</sup>

At the close a reference leads to the source of this information in "Richardson's Poems and Plays, vol. I, p. 124, edit. 1805".<sup>3</sup> Here, in a note to a line in one of his own poems where he mentions the name of Smollett, Professor Richardson tells the story of the publication of the *Ode to Independence*:

On account of the mention made of Dr. Smollett in the preceding Verses, and as another opportunity may not occur, it seems not improper, in this place, to inform those who take interest in the history of modern literature, of the following particulars respecting some of the most distinguished poetical performances of that ingenious writer. His *Ode to Independence* was left in his own hand-writing, with some other papers, to the late Robert Graham, Esq. of Gartmore, who was one of his trustees, and who gave it to the author of the present publication, under whose inspection the first edition was elegantly printed, by the celebrated Messrs. Foulis, printers to the University of Glasgow.<sup>4</sup>

The veiled note on authenticity in the first edition is here fully explained and corroborated. The poem was indeed printed from Smollett's manuscript "left in his own hand-writing"; the "editors" to whom it was entrusted were Professor Richardson, and if the plural is to be taken quite literally, presumably also the learned printers, "the celebrated Messrs. Foulis, printers to the University of Glasgow"; the "Gentleman with whom Dr. Smollett was much con-

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Robert Anderson's *Memoir* of Smollett appeared first in a very brief form in his edition of the *Works of the British Poets*, including Smollett, in 1795; in enlarged form in the first edition of his *Miscellaneous Works of Tobias Smollett*, 1796; enlarged in second edition, 1800; again revised and enlarged as *The Life of Tobias Smollett*, printed separately, 1803; again improved and enlarged in the third edition of the *Miscellaneous Works*, 1806; fourth edition, 1811; fifth edition, 1817; and sixth edition, 1820.

<sup>2</sup> Fifth edition, 1817, p. 109.

<sup>3</sup> Fifth edition, 1817, p. 110. No doubt this information regarding Smollett's manuscript of the *Ode to Independence*, quoted here from the fifth edition of Dr. Anderson's *Memoir* (1817), is presented in the separate edition of 1803, the first after the publication of this material by Professor Richardson, originally in *The Maid of Lochlin, a Lyrical Drama, with Legendary Odes and Other Poems*, London, 1801, and later in *Poems and Plays*, Edinburgh and London, 1805. Cf. also Robert Chambers, *op. cit.*, p. 46, n.

<sup>4</sup> William Richardson, *Poems and Plays*, Edinburgh and London, 1805, vol. 1, p. 124.

nected" who "communicated" his manuscript to the editors, was his friend and trustee, Robert Graham of Gartmore.

At this point the relationships among those concerned in the transmission, editing, and publication of Smollett's *Ode* become of interest. Robert Graham of Gartmore, like Smollett, came of a notable West Scotland family. Not far from the seat of the Smolletts at Bonhill in Dumbartonshire<sup>1</sup> lay both the estates of the Grahams: Gartmore on the west border of Perthshire towards Dumbartonshire, and Gallingad in Kilmarnock parish, which borders Bonhill parish on the east and north in Dumbartonshire.<sup>2</sup> When Robert Graham inherited the estate of Ardoch on the Clyde,<sup>3</sup> he lived in Dumbartonshire, only three miles from Bonhill, only about half that distance from Dalquhurn, where Tobias was born,<sup>4</sup> and less than six miles from Cameron,<sup>5</sup> where the Smolletts had removed from Bonhill in 1763.<sup>6</sup> The novelist, born 1721, was fourteen years Graham's senior, and Robert was only four years old when Smollett left Scotland for London. According to his biographer, Robert Graham went to Jamaica in 1752 or 1753,<sup>7</sup> before Smollett made his first visit to Scotland,<sup>8</sup> and did not return to Britain until 1770,<sup>9</sup> after Smollett had left England finally for Italy.<sup>10</sup> Even so it is not impossible that Smollett may have seen a good deal of his younger countryman before he left for Jamaica: Graham's biographer repeatedly emphasizes the young man's early maturity, and mentions "an occasional pilgrimage to London" during these

<sup>1</sup> John Irving, *History of Dumbartonshire*, Dumbarton, 1917-24, vol. III, pp. 416-7.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, vol. III, pp. 431, 457; vol. II, map preceding title-page; R. B. Cunningham-Graham, *Doughty Deeds, An Account of the Life of Robert Graham of Gartmore*, London, 1925, p. 162 and *passim*.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 76, 86, 88-115 *passim*; John Irving, *op. cit.*, vol. III, pp. 430-31.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*, vol. III, p. 432.

<sup>5</sup> For these relative distances, see Joseph Irving, *The Book of Dumbartonshire*, Edinburgh and London, 1879, vol. I, map between pp. 350 and 351.

<sup>6</sup> John Irving, *op. cit.*, vol. III, p. 420.

<sup>7</sup> R. B. Cunningham-Graham, *op. cit.*, pp. 19, 22.

<sup>8</sup> John Moore, *Memoir*, pp. CXXXV-CXXXVI; Robert Anderson, *Memoir*, 5th ed., 1817, pp. 50-52.

<sup>9</sup> R. B. Cunningham-Graham, *op. cit.*, pp. 79-85.

<sup>10</sup> Smollett left London finally for Italy between August 31, 1768, and some time before March 28, 1769. On August 31, 1768, Smollett writes to David Hume from London: "... I am sorry I cannot have the pleasure of taking leave of you in person, before I go into perpetual exile". On March 28, 1769, Dr. John Armstrong in London writes Smollett in Italy in terms which show that Smollett had been absent from London long enough to have written Armstrong previously about "the agreeable society" he found "amongst the professors at Pisa" and to need to be informed of events in London which occurred "some months ago". See Edward S. Noyes, *op. cit.*, pp. 103-4; Lewis Melville, *The Life and Letters of Tobias Smollett*, London, [1926], pp. 234-6.

early years.<sup>1</sup> After Graham's return from the West Indies he writes Smollett in Italy regarding the Lascelles property in Jamaica in terms which show that he had been acting as Smollett's agent there.<sup>2</sup> Because Robert Graham, when he became heir of Nicol Bontine of Ardoch, took his kinsman's name and became known as Robert Bontine of Ardoch,<sup>3</sup> he is not to be confused with Thomas Bontine, another kinsman, who, as three of Smollett's letters show, was his agent in Jamaica in 1752, 1753, and 1756,<sup>4</sup> and later, like Robert Graham, one of Smollett's trustees.<sup>5</sup> Finally, as has been said, Smollett appointed Robert Graham one of the four trustees of his estate and left to him the manuscript of his posthumous poem, and Professor Richardson calls him a "Gentleman with whom Dr. Smollett was much connected".

The relation between Robert Graham and Professor William Richardson was even closer. For many years Professor Richardson spent his holidays in a cottage at Gartmore,<sup>6</sup> and Graham chose Glasgow University for his eldest son in order that he might place him "under the care of Richardson who has been long an intimate and particular friend".<sup>7</sup> Professor Richardson, in turn, as has been shown, had known the printers Foulis since 1756.<sup>8</sup> The steps in the progress of the *Ode* from Smollett's hand to the public attention are now clear: Smollett committed it into the hands of his friend and trustee, Robert Graham, who naturally asked his learned friend, Professor Richardson, to be its editor, who quite as naturally chose his friends, the distinguished Foulis Brothers, to print it.

Why Professor Richardson considered it necessary to conceal this information in the veiled statement of the note in the original edition is not clear, nor why he found it "not improper", as he says, twenty-

<sup>1</sup> Robert Graham (born 1735) matriculated at Glasgow University at the age of fourteen. Of his boyhood and youth before he entered the University his biographer writes: "A journey now and then to Finlaystone to see his uncle, Lord Glencairn, and an occasional pilgrimage to London must have comprised his travels." "From early youth the poet's face seems to have been turned towards the south, to London . . ." "In those days men went out into the world and played their part, when now they would be almost children, . . ." At seventeen or eighteen Robert Graham went to Jamaica to make his fortune, where, soon after his arrival, he is found holding the office of Receiver-General of the Taxes at the age of eighteen. See R. B. Cunninghame Graham, *op. cit.*, pp. 1, 11, 14, 16-17, 19-21, 22, 29-30, 39.

<sup>2</sup> R. B. Cunninghame Graham, *op. cit.*, pp. 85-6.

<sup>3</sup> See *ante*, p. 60, n. 3.

<sup>4</sup> Edward S. Noyes, *op. cit.*, pp. 12, 25, 42.

<sup>5</sup> Lewis M. Knapp, *A Study of the Final Period of Tobias Smollett*, MS. Dissertation in Yale University Library, pp. 223-8.

<sup>6</sup> R. B. Cunninghame Graham, *op. cit.*, pp. 122-5, 127.

<sup>7</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 121.

<sup>8</sup> See *ante*, p. 58, n. 2.

eight years later, to give it finally to the world. As he proceeds in his note, however, with a further revelation regarding Smollett's *Ode*, he seems clearly to be disburdening his conscience:

It is also proper to mention, that in the fifth line of the third antistrophe [Where insolence his wrinkled front uprears], the editor took the liberty of substituting one word in place of another. The line in Smollett's MS. was,

Where insolence his wrinkled *snout* uprears.

No doubt the word *snout* presents a more complete image, and conveys, therefore, a more impressive meaning than the word *front*, which was introduced in its place; but it did not seem so suitable to the dignity of lyric poetry, or the peculiar loftiness of the *Ode to Independence*. If, however, the more distinct imagery, and consequent vigour, obtained by retaining the original expression, are capable of counterbalancing the considerations that urged the editor to its exclusion, it is proper that future editors may have it in their power to restore to the poet what certainly belongs to him.<sup>1</sup>

Altogether proper. And the line how eminently Smollettian!

Dr. Buck has shown that the *Ode to Independence* was in all probability written between 1765 and 1767.<sup>2</sup> Smollett then had kept the poem by him for about five years when at his death he left the manuscript, according to Professor Richardson, "with some other papers, to the late Robert Graham, Esq. of Gartmore", entrusting the fate of his poem to the judgment of this trusted friend. It is interesting but perhaps unprofitable to speculate with the critic in the *Monthly Review* on the reason why Smollett did not publish the *Ode* during his lifetime, for, as he says, Smollett "was neither indifferent to fame, nor averse to the *means of Independency*".<sup>3</sup>

Besides the fact that the spirit of independence is the pervasive spirit of Smollett's literary work, he has left two explicit statements that have considerable interest in this connection. Both belong to the year before he went to southern France for his health in June 1763. From May 29, 1762, to February 12, 1763, Smollett was engaged on the *Briton* in the service of Lord Bute, with what disastrous consequences to himself is well known. Thinking perhaps that this service to the Government had given him some claim on its consideration, he applied for the post of "physician to our army in Portugal", to assist him financially in seeking health in the south of Europe. His request

<sup>1</sup> William Richardson, *op. cit.*, pp. 124-5.

<sup>2</sup> Howard S. Buck, *op. cit.*, pp. 75-7.

<sup>3</sup> *Monthly Review*, vol. XLIX (December 1773), p. 502.

was refused by the Secretary of War.<sup>1</sup> Considering all the circumstances, his comment on this refusal, in a letter to his friend, Dr. Moore, is strong in its restraint:

You see how much I may depend upon the friendship of these gentlemen. If my health had held out, I would have buffeted the storms of life without having recourse to the protection of any man—as it is, I hope no misfortune shall ever be able to tame the free-born spirit of . . .

Your affectionate humble servant,  
T<sup>s</sup> Smollett.<sup>2</sup>

Beset by the enemies made by the *Briton*, deserted by Bute and the Government, overwhelmed as he says "with unutterable sorrow" on the death of his only child,<sup>3</sup> Smollett had occasion immediately before his departure for France to express himself again on the value he set on his independence. He is replying to a letter from Richard Smith in New Jersey, and the opening sentence gives the occasion for what follows:

I am much obliged to you for the Hope you express, that I have obtained some provision from his Majesty; but the Truth is, I have neither Pension nor Place,<sup>4</sup> nor am I of that Disposition which can stoop to Solicit either. I have always piqued myself upon my Independancy, and I trust in God, I shall preserve it to my dying day.<sup>5</sup>

Dr. Moore corroborates this claim in a comment on the last years of Smollett's life:

Dr. Smollett had never spanielled ministers; he could not endure the insolence of office, or stoop to cultivate the favour of any person merely on account of his power; and besides, he was a man of genius.<sup>6</sup>

It is this quality of sincerity in Smollett's tribute to the spirit of independence which the contemporary critic in the *Monthly Review* singles out for attention:

Mason's ode to Independence is elegant, but cold; Smollett's glows with that enthusiasm which, it might be imagined, the subject would never fail to kindle.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Edward S. Noyes, "Another Smollett Letter", in *Modern Language Notes*, vol. XLII (April 1927), p. 232.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 232-3.

<sup>3</sup> Elizabeth Smollett died on April 3, 1763, at the age of fifteen. See *London Magazine*, vol. XXXII (May 1763), p. 280; Robert Chambers, *op. cit.*, p. 122, n.; Edward S. Noyes, *Letters*, pp. 82, 84-5, 86, 207.

<sup>4</sup> Whatever Smollett meant to signify by "place" it is clear that at this very time of sickness and need he expressed a disinclination to receive a pension. By "place" he evidently meant any sinecure enjoyed for other reasons than service to country, and there is no evidence that Smollett ever solicited such assistance from his Government. See Edward S. Noyes, *Letters*, pp. 78-9, and *cf.* p. 207, n. 5.

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 81.

<sup>6</sup> John Moore, *Memoir*, p. clxxxv.

<sup>7</sup> *Monthly Review*, vol. XLIX (December 1773), p. 500.

In the same article this perspicacious critic pays his tribute to the late editor of the rival review in these words:

Men of the most liberal minds are the most smitten by the charms of independency; and no man was ever more sensible of their power, than the late ingenious Dr. Smollett;—who adored the goddess with unfeigned devotion, and celebrated her praises in the pure dictates of his heart.<sup>1</sup>

His adoration and praise Smollett sings in the finest lines of the *Ode*:

Thy spirit, Independence, let me share!  
Lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye,  
Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,  
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.

<sup>1</sup> *Monthly Review*, vol. XLIX (December 1773), p. 500.



## THE CORRESPONDENCE OF ROBERT SOUTHEY AND ISAAC D'ISRAELI

BY C. L. CLINE

Isaac D'Israeli, antiquarian and author of *Curiosities of Literature*, as to Robert Southey, the laureate, an acquaintance with whom he occasionally dined. Southey's opinion of D'Israeli is in part contained in a letter of 1822 to his friend C. W. W. Wynn, to whom he wrote: "An oddly-furnished head he has, and an odd sort of creature he is altogether; thoroughly good-natured,—the strangest mixture of information and ignorance, cleverness and folly."<sup>1</sup> Both Southey and D'Israeli had won for themselves respectable places in the world of letters by the time they met, and their mutual interest in literature and history provided a bond of sympathy for such infrequent meetings as occurred between them.

D'Israeli was by choice a recluse whose chief contact with the outside world was by means of his pen. Southey, though more sociable than D'Israeli, was nevertheless largely cut off from association with others by his residence at Keswick and the necessity of constant labour at his desk. The extensiveness of his correspondence, a great deal of which yet remains to be published, is testimony that much of his communication with the world was by letter. It is possible that both men preferred the written word to the spoken as a medium of interchanging ideas. It is certain that Isaac D'Israeli did so; and whatever Southey's preference, the excellence of his letters—their sincerity, their naturalness, their lively and graceful style, free from mannerism, their self-revelation (among other qualities)—does much to justify Thackeray's judgment that "Southey's private letters are worth piles of epics, and are sure to last among us as long as kind hearts like to sympathize with goodness and purity, and love and upright life."<sup>2</sup>

It is not, therefore, strange that a desultory correspondence should

<sup>1</sup> John Wood Warter, *Selections from the Letters of Robert Southey*, London, 1856, III, 352.

<sup>2</sup> *The Four Georges*, London, 1861, p. 214.

have sprung up between these two prolific letter-writers, many of whose interests were in common and whose extensive book collections enabled them to be of mutual assistance; and as Isaac D'Israeli retained a copy (or rather a first draft) of most of his own letters, the correspondence, preserved now among the Disraeli archives at Hughenden Manor, may be followed almost in its entirety.<sup>1</sup> There are eleven of Southey's letters, scattered over a period from 1820 to 1837, and about the same number of D'Israeli's; but as there is less interest to-day in D'Israeli than in Southey, I propose to summarize briefly those of D'Israeli and print only those of Southey.

The correspondence seems to have been begun by D'Israeli, volunteering information and asking Southey to dine with him, though only Southey's reply is extant.

Wednesday morning

My dear Sir

Thank you for your information concerning the French Prophets.<sup>2</sup> Should you lay your hand on such of the books relating to them as are in your possession, you would oblige me greatly by allowing me to make a few memoranda from them during my stay in town.

On Friday the 12th I shall have great pleasure in accepting your invitation.

Believe me my dear Sir  
Yours faithfully  
Robert Southey

3 May 1820

Southey's second letter was in response to a presentation copy of D'Israeli's *The Literary Character*.

My dear Sir

I am much obliged to you for your *Illustration of the Literary Character*, which is, like all your works, full of interesting matter, agreeably arranged. Here too you draw from yourself when you enlarge upon the advantages and comforts derived from a love of literature. When you treat of the Calamities and the Quarrels of Authors you happily write of evils in which you have had no share.

If inclination should ever lead you to the Lakes, I should have great pleasure in showing you my stores. You have seen a great deal of literary

<sup>1</sup> It is with the kind permission of Mrs. Sybil Calverley, Benjamin Disraeli's niece, that I am enabled to publish this correspondence.

<sup>2</sup> Camisards, French Protestants of the Cévennes who fought in the reign of Louis XIV to restore their church.

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men in towns, but, for one class at least, the country is the proper place.  
You know what Cowley has said:

Rura laudamus merito poetæ;  
Rure floremus: dominoque laurum  
Sole gaudentem necat oppidorum  
Nubilus aer.<sup>1</sup>

You should look at us in our nests.

Present my compliments to Mrs. and Miss D'Israeli, and believe me

My dear Sir  
with sincere respect  
Yours faithfully

Robert Southey

Keswick. 29 June 1822

After a lapse of five years Southey picked up the correspondence again in order to request D'Israeli's vote in the Athenæum for a friend.

Keswick. 23 January 1827

My dear Sir

Will you allow me to request of you a favour, which it will not, I trust, be either inconvenient or unpleasant to grant. It is that of your vote at the Athenæum for an old friend of mine, Kenyon<sup>2</sup> by name, for whose admission a ballot will take place there on the fifth of February next. He is one who is thoroughly esteemed and liked by all who have ever known him, and for whom I have great personal regard.

I am going thro the concluding volumes of the *Rerum Hibernicarum Scriptores*,—which Dr. O'Connor<sup>3</sup> delayed completing from time to time, till age has rendered him unable to complete the laborious task. However he has done much and we may well be thankful to him for his labours, and to the Duke of Buckingham and his father for their proper patronage of this unworldly and excellent old man. The dissertations are very curious. As for the History itself,—it is that of Ireland—as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever will be, till Government in that country is something more than a name,—*occisio, occisio, —combustio —combustio* in every page, varied occasionally with cattle-stealing.

The collection affords materials for a curious paper, which I shall prepare for the *Q[uarternly] R[evue]*. I hope to obtain a copy of *Colgan*<sup>4</sup> in time for it, having left a commission for it, last year, at Brussels.

Believe me Dear Sir  
Yours very truly

Robert Southey

<sup>1</sup> The opening lines of Cowley's *Solitudo*.

<sup>2</sup> John Kenyon (1784–1856), poet and philanthropist.

<sup>3</sup> The Rev. Charles O'Connor (1764–1828), librarian and chaplain to the Duke of Buckingham. His *Rerum Hibernicarum Scriptores Veteres*, in four volumes, was printed at Buckingham, 1814–1826, at the expense of the duke.

<sup>4</sup> The Rev. John Colgan (d. 1658), author of *Acta Sanctorum Hiberniae* and other works related to Ireland.

D'Israeli replied with a promise of his vote and went on to praise Southey's contributions to the *Quarterly Review*, encourage his Irish studies, and give an account of his own labours on the life of Charles I.

Less than a year later, on the eve of publishing a fourth edition of *The Literary Character*, D'Israeli wrote to ask Southey's permission to dedicate the edition to him. "In a long course of time", he wrote, "I have dedicated only to two domestic friends, Downman and Douce.<sup>1</sup> To you, I am bound by a stronger tie—that more elevated and disinterested friendship which we yield to the man of genius who is never distant from us, while we are intimate with his works."

Southey, flattered by the offer, replied with a letter that was really an estimate of his career up to that point.

Keswick. 27 February 1828

My dear Sir

I cannot but be much gratified by your obliging letter, as well as honoured by the proposed Dedication. With a pretty large share of evil report and of good, it must be a pleasing consideration for me that some of the best should exist where it will be "found after many days."

You and I are now among the Elders of literature;—my name has been four and thirty years before the Public, and yours about five years longer. Your lot has been more fortunate than mine, in as much as you have kept clear of all hostilities; I have been engaged in them, tho' little disposed either to give or take offence. But we have these points in common, that we have written nothing which we could wish to recall for any thing injurious in its tendency,—that we have loved literature for its own sake, and that we have found in it a constant source of enjoyment.

That enjoyment has not been lessened in my case, by the necessity of considering literature as the means whereby I was to obtain a subsistence. The sole difference which this has occasioned has been, that I have frequently been employed on subjects which would not otherwise have engaged my attention; and that the time which has been disposed of most profitably, has not been best disposed of. But whatever I have done, has been set about in earnest; and perhaps I am the better for the discipline, and possess wider information than I might otherwise have sought to obtain. I would not recommend others to chuse the same profession,—but for myself I am persuaded that it is the happiest which could have been chosen, and am thankful for my lot.

Believe me my dear Sir

Yours with sincere respect and regard

Robert Southey

<sup>1</sup> Hugh Downman (1740–1809), physician and poet of Exeter, and Francis Douce (1757–1834), a well-known antiquary.

A few months later D'Israeli dispatched a copy of *The Literary Character* to Southey, together with a note, and received a prompt letter of thanks in return.

Keswick. 7 May 1828

My dear Sir

You have given me a most honourable station in your very agreeable book, and I am satisfied enough with myself (which some persons might say is, 'being interpreted,' vain enough—) to believe that you would not see much to alter in the opinion which you have so kindly and favourably formed, if you were more intimately acquainted with the subject of it. But I must not take credit for magnanimity in fixing myself in retirement, because in so doing there was no sacrifice on my part. I followed therein my inclination, instinct, or inspiration,—whichever you may please to call it. From my childhood I have dearly loved the country, possibly the more so because I was born in the heart of a large city, and because the schools at which I was placed (except for a single year) were in that city, and in London. When I am asked for a scrap of writing I frequently write after my name as more apposite than any thing which could be composed *for the nonce*, these words of Ovid:

Oderat hic urbes, nitidaque remotus ab aula  
Secretos montes et inambitiosa colebat  
Rura.<sup>1</sup>

Well has it been for me that I was enabled to follow in this respect the indications of Nature. Excepting those domestic afflictions with which it has pleased God to chasten me,—in his mercy,—no man can possibly have past a life more conformable to his desires. My wishes have been so placed that they have met with no disappointment. Fortune has never been my object; I have been too ambitious of Fame to have had any the slightest care for temporal reputation; and if my Thousand and One assailants could but know how entirely I disregard all their attacks, that knowledge might lead them to form a somewhat truer estimate both of themselves and of me.

I hope to have the pleasure of thanking you in person before the end of this month. For the present farewell

My dear Sir, and believe me  
with a due sense of the honour which you have done  
me,

Yours very truly

Robert Southey

A year later D'Israeli took up his pen to congratulate Southey upon the recent publication of his *Colloquies*—"the most splendid work of our days; and one, which the next age will read more attentively than even you have done the *Utopia* of More." There follows

<sup>1</sup> *Metamorphoses*, xi, 764-6.

a long passage relating to the "political romance" of the *Sevarambians* and its author,<sup>1</sup> together with a suggestion that *Gulliver's Travels* may be owing in some respects to the work, and then a question about Bishop Hall<sup>2</sup> and why Southey once in conversation disparaged him. The letter closes with the announcement that the writer shortly means to remove himself and his family to a country residence in Buckinghamshire—Bradenham House, midway between Oxford and London—in search of a more salutary climate than London's.

Keswick. 16 May 1829

My dear Sir

I am much obliged to you for your letter, and as you may well suppose, much gratified to find that you are pleased with a work in which I have laid open much of my better mind.

The information which you give me respecting the author of the *Sevarambians* satisfies me that he wrote it originally in English, and altered and enlarged it in French. When I return from the Isle of Man whither I am now going with my family for four or five weeks, I will read the English copy again, with a view of examining whether there may not be proof of this in the language. My English copy contains both parts, the first printed in 1675, "the Second part more wonderful and delightful than the first"—in 1679. The publisher's address to the Reader, prefixed to the first part, is signed D.V. It never occurred to me that Swift had this book in mind when he planned his *Gulliver*,—but most likely he had seen it,—the world was not overstocked with new books in those days, and this was too remarkable a one to be put aside among antiquities so soon.

It would be an amusing and not an uninstrusive task to collect all the romances of this kind, and see in what points the speculators agree with or approach each other.

I remember speaking of Bishop Hall to poor Boswell, one day when we were dining at Murray's:—and the reason why I remember it is, that I was sorry for having so spoken, when I saw that he was a favourite author with Boswell, and reflected moreover that I had neither read the whole of his works, nor so large a portion of them as should justify me in delivering an unqualified opinion to his disparagement. My dislike was to his puritanical inclination, and the temper which he manifested in his correspondence with a poor feeble-minded man, who became a convert to Popery: Waddesworth was his name. Burnet has published it with his life of Bishop Bedell,<sup>3</sup> and the contrast between Hall and Bedell is truly striking. In my copy of the book Coleridge has written thus—"Only compare his (Bedell's) conduct to James Waddesworth with that of the far—far—too highly rated Bishop Hall! his letter to Hall kindly blaming Hall's bitterness to an old

<sup>1</sup> *Histoire des Sevarambes*, by Denis Vairasse.

<sup>2</sup> Joseph Hall (1574–1656), Bishop of Norwich.

<sup>3</sup> See Gilbert Burnet, *Life of William Bedell, Lord Bishop of Killmore* (London, 1692), pp. 261–487. Waddesworth calls Bedell's letter to him "kind, modest, discreet", Hall's "bitterly reviling".



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friend mistaken,—and then his letter to that friend defending Hall. What a picture of goodness!"—"I owe to this a compleat confirmation of my old persuasion concerning Bishop Hall, whom from my first perusal of his works, I have always considered as one of the *blots* (alas there are too many!) of the biography of the Church of England:—a self-conceited, coarse-minded, persecuting, vulgar priest; and by way of anti-climax, one of the first corruptors and epigrammatizers of our English prose style. It is not true that Sir Thomas Browne was the prototype of Dr. Johnson, who imitated him only as far as Sir T. B. resembles the majority of his predecessors,—i. e.—in the pedantic preference of Latin derivatives to Saxon words of the very same force. In the balance and construction of his periods Dr. Johnson has followed Hall, as any intelligent reader will discover by an attentive comparison." This was in my thoughts when you heard me speak of Bishop Hall.

If your retirement into the country should answer—as I hope it may—the chief object which you have in view,—you carry with you all the stores and resources which can render such a retirement enjoyable. At that easy distance from London, you have all its enjoyments—almost within reach. I will not visit that great city, without writing from it to ask, if you will receive me for four and twenty hours.

Farewell my dear Sir and believe me to be  
Yours with sincere esteem and regard  
Robert Southey

A break of three years in the correspondence follows, and then it was resumed by Southey in search of assistance in his quarrel with Lord Nugent,<sup>1</sup> whose *Memorials of John Hampden* Southey had reviewed for the *Quarterly Review*.

Kewswick. 31 October 1832

My dear Sir

You who take an interest both in the Quarrels of Authors and the Curiosities of Literature, will probably have seen Lord Nugent's Letter to Murray. I am preparing a letter in reply; not in my own person, but as the Reviewer of the book in question, my object being to enforce the charges against Hampden, and to convict Lord N. of the dishonesty with which he has been blockhead enough to charge me. Perhaps your residence in Buckinghamshire may enable you to give me the information which I want concerning the remarkable story of the exhumation,<sup>2</sup> upon which Lord N.

<sup>1</sup> George Nugent Grenville, Baron Nugent of Carlanstown (1788–1850), younger son of the first Marquess of Buckingham. In 1832 he published his sympathetic *Memorials of John Hampden*, which Macaulay reviewed favourably for the *Edinburgh*, and Southey adversely for the *Quarterly*. Nugent replied to Southey in a letter to Murray, the publisher. Southey, at the time of the following letter to D'Israeli, is preparing a rejoinder "touching Lord Nugent".

<sup>2</sup> The exhumation of a body presumed to be that of Hampden took place on July 21, 1828, at Hampden Church, Bucks. An account of it, said to have been "compiled either by, or under the direction of Lord Nugent", appeared in the

equivocates in a manner that shows there is something or other of which he is ashamed.

I enquired of one of his relations if he could tell me why there was no mention in the book of this extraordinary post-mortem examination, which had been undertaken expressly for the purpose of ascertaining the cause of Hampden's death. The answer was that he supposed Lord N. was ashamed of the business, and that it was a sign of grace in him to be so. But I have since found reason to suspect a different motive. The first statement which appeared was intended to serve as a puff preliminary for the *Life of Hampden*; and if it were correct, no point could be more clearly established than that Hampden died of a wound in the hand, not in the shoulder. But in the last communication upon this subject in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, "one of the party mentioned in the narration as having been present, unhesitatingly confesses that the account published was extremely incorrect, —and that the hand discovered separate from the arm had every appearance of having been detached by decay, and none whatever of artificial amputation; so that the discovery of the fatal wound was not effected."

I suppose that Lord Nugent wrote the account, and finding himself then contradicted, did not think it prudent to repeat it. He now represents himself as only having seen a skeleton "while the pavement of the chancel of Hampden church was undergoing repairs." The facts which I wish to ascertain, and which you may possibly be able to ascertain for me, are whether the vault was opened by Lord N.'s directions (—which will go far towards bringing his veracity to the test,)—whether it was a body, or a skeleton which was examined, and if a body, whether the scalp was as is described, swarming with life,—because *that* as a physiological fact, is of some value, and is indeed worth more than any other part of the enquiry. If you can, with little trouble to yourself, answer these questions, I shall be very much obliged to you. And if it appears that the exhumation actually took place, I will print all the letters relating to it from the *Gentleman's Magazine* as an appendix to my little pamphlet.

In an evil hour for his own reputation did his Lordship attack you<sup>1</sup> and me. I had made larger extracts from your pamphlet,<sup>2</sup> than the *Q[uarternly] R[evue]* would allow room for;—but this and my other historical papers August, 1828, issue of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. The object of the exhumation, according to the account, was to ascertain the cause of Hampden's death, attributed by Clarendon and others to a shoulder wound sustained at Chalgrove Field in June, 1643, but, according to tradition, stated by Sir Robert Pye, Hampden's son-in-law, to have been due to the bursting of his own pistol shattering his hand. The body disinterred by Nugent was by no means certainly identified as Hampden's, but the conclusion of the writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* was that Pye's alleged statement was corroborated, although it was admitted that a shoulder wound at the same time might have been possible. (In the face of this conclusion Nugent's adoption of the shoulder-wound version in his *Memorials* is very strange.) John De Alta Ripa, writing in the November, 1828, issue of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, states that a different account of the disinterment has appeared in the "public prints", but that Lord Nugent remains unshaken in his belief that the body examined was that of Hampden. De Alta Ripa brands the disinterment disgusting, unscientific, and inconclusive.

<sup>1</sup> I.e. D'Israeli's *Commentaries on the Life and Reign of Charles I.*

<sup>2</sup> The *Commentaries* included for review by Southey with Nugent's *Memorials*.

will one day be reprinted at length. Lord N. insults me for having mutilated Hampden's single speech. I had given the speech entire, to guard against any such cavil; for it is a mere cavil; the remainder of the speech not in the slightest degree qualifying the repeated profession of passive obedience in the former. But Lockhart<sup>1</sup> curtailed it because of its length. But upon this and all the other points on which he has attacked the review, I have him at my mercy. His personalities I simply notice with contempt:—but not without considering them in the amount of punishment to be inflicted.

Farewell, my dear Sir, and I pray you excuse the liberty which I have taken in thus troubling you. I shall be glad to hear that you are well;—well-employed I am sure you will always be.

Believe me always

Yours with sincere regard

Robert Southey

D'Israeli sent his son Benjamin, the future prime minister, then in the midst of his second unsuccessful campaign for a seat in Parliament, to find out what he could about the exhumation. Benjamin Disraeli's report, written in sketchy phrases, doubtless jotted down hastily from notes made as his informant talked, is preserved along with the D'Israeli-Southey letters. This report Isaac D'Israeli reduced to literary language and transmitted to Southey. In substance it conflicted somewhat with all the published reports, although it tended to confirm Southey's suspicions of Nugent's accuracy. To it D'Israeli appended some information of his own, bibliographical in nature, to indicate further inaccuracies on the part of Nugent, this time in his reference to the date of Hampden's only preserved speech. He also refers Southey to Pym's speech about James I in 1621 to show that the patriots had no thought of a republic but desired only to increase their own power. In conclusion he announces that he has suspended his labours upon his projected history of the vernacular literature (of which his *Calamities of Authors*, his *Literary Character*, and some other works were planned as integral parts).

Southey was prompt in expressing gratitude for the assistance :

My dear Sir

Keswick. 12 November 1832

I am very much obliged to you for your prompt and friendly reply to my enquiries, and to your son for the trouble he has taken upon the subject. Pray present my thanks to him, and my best wishes for success in his election. Of course I shall mention no names. Indeed I have always

<sup>1</sup> Editor of the *Quarterly* at the time.

been especially careful never to make use of any information which has been communicated to me, in any way that could in the slightest degree compromise those from whom it was obtained.

It is remarkable that Hampden should have had another person's portrait engraved for his, and another person's body exhumed.

Enough is ascertained to show that Lord N. has *prevaricated* about it in his letter to Murray. It seems to have been the only point concerning his hero which he took any pains to investigate; and I believe he intended to make the most of it, but when he was contradicted concerning the hand he thought it better to let the matter rest. The first narrative<sup>1</sup> is probably his, dressed up for the occasion, and false as to the one point which he wished to establish. It agrees in other respects very well with what has now been related, except as to the life in the scalp; and that is more likely not to have been seen by one of the party who perhaps sickened at the proceedings, than to have been invented by another.

The date of the single speech<sup>2</sup> is a fact of which I shall make good use.

The speech of Pym's to which you refer me is very curious. I find it marked in my copy of the Parliamentary History,—a book miserably imperfect when it comes to Charles's reign. I dare say you have formed a just view of the progress of those men's opinions.<sup>3</sup> They began by wanting more liberty for themselves and less for the Papists, or indeed all but their own sect: then they coveted place and power, and used any grievance as a stepping stone,—and lastly like our modern Whigs, they kept pace with the spirit of the times, and followed wherever that will-o-the-wisp led them. The book which you see announced about these worthies is by a Mr. Foster, a great friend and admirer of Leigh Hunt,—and the same person whom (not knowing who he was) I quoted in the review of Lord N.'s *Hampden*, as one of the hip and thigh school. His publisher Moxon tells me that he has been working very hard at the Museum in collecting materials.

The corruption of our literature is indeed one of the many symptoms which seem to portend the decay of this nation. The more therefore ought we as far as we can, to withstand it. Do not, I intreat you, allow any mournful feeling of this kind to withhold the fruit of your long labours from that—still large—part of the public who would enjoy it. Probably the proportion of men who love literature thoroughly, and pursue it in one or more of its branches for the pure delight which they find in the pursuit, is pretty much the same in all ages; and will neither be increased nor diminished by the march of intellect. Let us write on, and we shall find readers now, and hereafter. When the enlightened public are gratified with untaxed knowledge and untaxed gin, there will be (if any distinctions in society remain) a class who will look for something better than coarse diet either for mind or body. Mere vanity will come to the aid of booksellers and authors; and handsome octavos and goodly quartos will be preferred by all who can afford them to cheap books that spare the pocket at the cost of the eyes. If all classes read, so much the better, provided that

<sup>1</sup> I.e. the first report in the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

<sup>2</sup> Hampden's.

<sup>3</sup> Hampden, Pym, and the other "patriots".

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wholesome reading be prepared for each. Rogers<sup>1</sup> once said to me that your books *could not help living*. He has married his own to immortal engravings that they may have a double chance. Give us more of yours; they bear in themselves their own athanasia.

Farewell my dear Sir  
Yours with sincere regard  
Robert Southey

Upon the publication of Southey's reply to Nugent, D'Israeli, whose researches on Charles I were favourably noticed in it, wrote in delight to congratulate Southey upon having "shown your dapper and puny adversary in his right colours, and in his awkward position." Thereafter the correspondence lapsed until two years later, when D'Israeli seized the opportunity of a letter for introduction for some of his neighbours who were travelling in the Lake Country to request that Southey favour him with some notes that Southey had made on the *Curiosities of Literature*. Southey replied a month later, sending the notes, which have been omitted from his letter below because of their lack of general interest.

Keswick. 19th August 1835

My dear Sir

. . . There is no one whose neighbourhood would be so profitable to me as yours, so many questions are continually occurring to me which you and nobody but you could answer, and to so many enquiries am I led in which no one could direct me so well as yourself. We and our libraries might be of as much advantage to each other, were we near, as the English and Prussian armies under Wellington and Blucher, in Brabant.

I am not surprised that the *Doctor* has been ascribed to both of us.<sup>2</sup> A copy came to me "from the author" in a disguised hand, and with my own name printed in red letters on the back of the title page. From the table of contents I gave it without hesitation to you; and it was not till I had met with sentiments strongly expressed which you do not feel and would not feign, that I found myself at fault. The same reason prevents me from fathering it upon Henry Taylor; besides that, if it were his, *I think* I should have been in the secret. Except Frere I can call to mind no other person who could have written it. The third volume brings me no nearer the mark in my guesses.

If I were not bound (in honour and justice) to consider the publisher's interest, I should in the life of Cowper<sup>3</sup> say what I think of that *Set*<sup>4</sup> whom

<sup>1</sup> Samuel Rogers (1763-1855), the poet. What Rogers actually said was, "There is a man with only half an intellect; and yet he makes books that can't help living". (Southey to John Rickman.—Warter, iv, 265.)

<sup>2</sup> Southey himself is, of course, the author.

<sup>3</sup> Southey is at the time editing Cowper's works and writing his biography.

<sup>4</sup> An evangelical group.

you most justly characterize. They are the most uncharitable and most narrow-minded of all sects. This is the last work that I shall ever undertake for a bookseller. As soon as my present engagements are compleated (if I live to compleat them), the remainder of my life will be devoted to the completion of those great works for which I have so long been preparing. The additional pension which Sir Robert Peel has given me renders my means of subsistence no longer precarious.<sup>1</sup> Emolument will therefore never again enter into my views. If it comes, so much the better: there will be uses enough for it; but my only concern will be to make the best use of my time, while my faculties remain unimpaired. The History of Portugal comes first; then that of the Monastic Orders, then that of our own Literature taking it where Warton broke off, which is at a time that allows me very well to include our Prose, and thus make the subject general.

Farewell my dear Sir and believe me always  
Yours with sincere regard

Robert Southey

A year and a half later the necessity of breaking an engagement to visit D'Israeli *en route* from the Continent to the Lake Country was the occasion of Southey's next letter.

Keswick. 25 February 1837

My dear Sir

I had both the hope and the intention of accepting your friendly invitation, on my way homeward from the Land's-end;—but I had been so long absent from home, that the journey which I had been urged to take for the sake of change, began, for want of rest, to counteract the good it was expected to produce, and I found it expedient (and indeed necessary) to postpone some of my proposed visits till a more convenient season;—that to Bradenham among them. Having reached London and visited my daughter in Sussex, I made no other excursion, but wound up my affairs and hastened back to Cumberland. Just this day week, and just at this hour, I started from the Bull and Mouth in the Glasgow mail, with twelve-hundred weight of newspapers piled on the roof thereof, the Saturday night's load being double that of the other five. The great increase of sale since the stamp duty was lowered must soon lead to an alteration in the mode of conveying them. The mail contractors are all complaining and guards and coachmen declare that it is impossible for them to *keep time*.

Here then I am once more, and having nearly cleared-off the accumulated arrears of correspondence, on Monday next I shall resume my usual occupations, with as much satisfaction as I have resumed my wonted course of life. There is yet much to do before Cowper will be off my hands. His *Homer* will be followed by a supplementary volume, containing

<sup>1</sup> Earlier in the year Sir Robert Peel had offered Southey a baronetage, and upon its refusal had increased Southey's pension by £300 per year instead.



all the letters which had not already been taken from the two volumes published by Dr. S. Johnson;—for besides the right conveyed to me by Cowper's executors, I have obtained access to the originals, and restored the passages which it was once deemed proper to suppress, but which there is no longer any reason for withholding. The translation of the *Henriade* also, of which he and his brother furnished eight books, have been found by Cary in the Museum,—in "the Grand Magazine"—an unsuccessful speculation of R. Griffiths,—the original proprietor of the *Monthly Review*,—a personage who tho' well-known, is not yet so ill-noted as he richly deserved to be. There will be room for this version in the supplementary volume. And then under the title of *Cowperiana*, two volumes will follow, one containing more particulars concerning him, and the literary history of his family and friends,—the other the lives of John Newton<sup>1</sup> and Madam Guyon.<sup>2</sup>

Another of my immediate employments is to prepare the whole of my own poems for publication in monthly volumes. This adventure Longman has undertaken, not because there was any demand for such an edition, but in the hope of creating one;—and also that the French pirated edition may not have the market to itself. At my age this is like preparing for a posthumous publication. There is a good deal to be added, as well of pieces which have never been printed, or not before collected, as of prefatory matter,—in general first, and then to each of the long poems,—relating as much of their rise, progress, &c as it may seem fitting to record. I do not intend to waste time in the vain endeavour of correcting the juvenile poems, but shall content myself with weeding out the worst faults of diction. But *Joan of Arc* requires more trouble, for tho' the composition can never be rendered of a piece, it is worth while for the sake of the better parts to correct as many of the original faults (chiefly in language) as are corrigible. This poem, being that by which I first obtained notoriety, is to lead the way.

There seems reason to hope that Sergeant Talfourd's motion for an extension of copyright will be carried. He proposed to ask for thirty years more, but said that, for himself, he saw no objection to a perpetuity. I told him that there would be no more difficulty in obtaining a long term than a short one, and recommended that he should ask for 99 years, commencing not from the date of every separate work, but from the Death of the author. This I believe he will do: and if this be granted, the right of perpetuity is not likely to be contested hereafter in cases which afford any pretence for claiming it.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Curate of Olney, Bucks, from 1764–1779. A former commander of a slave ship, he had taken Orders and become a conspicuous member of the evangelical section of the church. He and Cowper were friends.

<sup>2</sup> Jeanne Marie Guyon (1648–1717), author of *La Sainte Bible avec des explications et réflexions* and other religious works. Cowper translated some of her hymns.

<sup>3</sup> Talfourd's motion was to extend the period of copyright from twenty-eight years or the duration of the author's life (whichever was longer) to sixty years from the date of the author's death. The most forceful speech in favour of the motion was perhaps that of Benjamin Disraeli, who had just succeeded in getting into Parliament after several unsuccessful attempts. But the Bill died in Committee after carrying the second reading, and only became law in an amended form in 1842.

Our old friend Turner<sup>1</sup> is in full vigour of mind, and in excellent spirits, —but he is shrunk in stature,—a change which is very perceptible to me in most of my contemporaries. Mrs. Turner is the youngest person of her years I ever remember to have seen, so much does she retain of her beauty. Rogers is much altered since I saw him last. I can hardly expect to see him again. I hope Rickman<sup>2</sup> may soon be emancipated from his long service in the House of Commons. He must undergo an operation on his eyes, and it was feared that they were worn out by night-work; but there is now good hope that an operation may restore them. London is to me more changed in its society, than even in its streets and public buildings, so few of my old associates are left. To those few I confined myself as much as possible during my short stay. One may have children and grandchildren in succession (like crops of green peas) to the third and fourth generation; —but there can be no succession of friends, in the full meaning of the word; and at the death of an old friend, a part of one's self is mortified.

For myself I have lost little of my strength, but much of my agility. My memory of names both of persons and places is perceptibly impaired,—in other respects I am not conscious of any intellectual decay,—but this is the commencement. My spirits are far better than I could have dared to hope, had it been possible for me to foresee [sic] the events of my latter years. Here is a long letter. Tell me as much of yourself and your occupation, and believe me always

Yours with sincere regard

Robert Southey

After an interval D'Israeli acknowledged the handsomeness of Southey's apology and wrote particularly to inquire the title of Roger Williams's work in which he asserts that he taught Milton Dutch, a statement alluded to in the notes of Southey's edition of Cowper. D'Israeli's letter concludes with the information that he is once more at work upon his history of literature.

Southey's reply is the last of the letters in the series.

Keswick. 9 June 1837

My dear Sir

The passage concerning which you enquire occurs in a letter from Roger Williams to Mr. John Winthrop, dated "Providence July 12, 54 so called", and written soon after his return from England, whither he had been sent in 1651 as one of the agents to obtain a repeal of Mr. Coddington's charter for Rhode Island, Canonicut [Connecticut] &c. The words are these:

"It pleased the Lord to call me for some time and with some persons, to practise the Hebrew, the Greek, Latin, French & Dutch. The Secretary of the Council, Mr. Milton, for my Dutch I read him, read me many more languages. Grammar rules begin to be esteemed a tyranny. I taught two

<sup>1</sup> Sharon Turner, historian of Anglo-Saxon England.

<sup>2</sup> John Rickman (1771-1840), statistician and Clerk-Assistant in the House of Commons. He was author of the system for taking the census of the population.

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young gentlemen, a Parliament-man's son, as we teach our children English, by words, phrases and constant talk &c." p. 264.

*Memoir of Roger Williams, the Founder of the State of Rhode Island.* By James D. Knowles. Professor of Pastoral Duties in the Newton Theological Institution. Boston. 1834.

Vondel's *Lucifer* was published in 1654, his *Samson* (the same subject as the *Agonistes*) 1661, his *Adam* 1664. Caedmon, Andreini and Vondel each, or all, may have led Milton to consider the subject of his *Paradise Lost*;—but Vondel is the one who is most likely to have impressed him. Neither the Dutch nor their language were regarded with disrespect in those days. Vondel was the greater master of that language, and the *Lucifer* is esteemed the best of his tragedies. Milton alone excepted, he was probably the greatest poet then living.

I am truly glad to hear that you are in health and spirits for undertaking so great a work,—great in extent and importance,—but not in labour to you, who bring to it the accumulated stores of nearly half a century. The man of all others with whom it would be useful for you to be in correspondence while thus employed, is that strange one Sir Egerton Brydges,<sup>1</sup> who is brimfull of English literature of every kind;—but his crazy frame cannot much longer resist the wear and tear of time, and of the fiery spirit that inhabits it.

The greatest of all losses to men employed in such pursuits as yours and mine was that of Heber<sup>2</sup> and his library,—losses never in our times to be repaired. No other person who ever possessed such a library, or the tithe of such, has ever known half so much of its contents—and he was always ready to assist with his information as well as his books.

My table is covered with proof sheets, and I have no time for any thing more than to say that I shall be always glad to answer any questions connected with your undertaking which you may be inclined to ask.

Farewell my dear Sir and believe me

Yours with sincere regard

Robert Southey

Monday 12th.

In 1838 Isaac D'Israeli was ill and in the following year became blind, while soon afterwards the weakening of memory which Southey refers to in his letter of February 25, 1837, was followed by mental darkness that lasted until his death. These circumstances are more than sufficient to explain the cessation of a correspondence between fellow labourers in the same craft who were never intimate friends.

<sup>1</sup> Sir Samuel Egerton Brydges (1762–1837), author and genealogist.

<sup>2</sup> Richard Heber (1773–1833), scholar and extensive collector of books. By the time of his death he had amassed a library of 150,000 volumes at a cost of more than £100,000.

## NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS

### NICHOLAS BRETON'S PASQUIL BOOKS

The verse satires that Breton wrote under the name of "Pasquill" are extremely rare books. Grosart succeeded in getting copies of *Pasquils Mad-Cap*, *Pasquils Fooles-Cap*, and *Pasquils Passe, and passeth not*; but neither *Pasquils Mistresse* nor *Olde Mad-cappes new Gally-mawfrey* is included in his edition of Breton's works. "Pasquils Mistresse: Or The Worthie And vnworthie woman. With his description and passion of that Furie, Iealousie" (1600),<sup>1</sup> besides being an interesting addition to Breton's pasquill series, adds another exemplar to the few books published by Thomas Fisher, and bearing his device of a kingfisher<sup>2</sup> on the title-page. From the preface to the reader:

Pasquill, as you haue heard, hauing had many madde humours in his heade, could neuer be at quiet in his heart, till he had eased his minde of his melācholy.<sup>3</sup>

it appears that *Pasquils Mistresse* comes late in the series. Anyway, it cannot have been printed before June 3, 1600 (i.e. after *Pasquils Mad-Cap*, *Pasquils Fooles-Cap*, and *Pasquils Passe, and passeth not*), when Fisher became a freeman of the Stationers' Company<sup>4</sup>: the first book to be entered to him in the *Stationers' Register* was "A Mydsommers nightes dreame" on October 8, 1600.

The "Epistle Dedicatory" of *Pasquils Mistresse* is signed "Salochin Treboun", an imperfect anagram of Nicholas Breton similar to the signature "Bonerto" at the end of the preface to *The Passionate Shepherd* (1604). It is addressed to "The Best Merriest Wit in true honest kindnesse, not *King Humfrey*, but *Humfrey King*, God and a good wife make a *happie man in this world*". This dedication provides

<sup>1</sup> The only recorded copy is in the H. E. Huntington Library.

<sup>2</sup> R. B. McKerrow, *Booksellers and Printers Devices*, p. 321.

<sup>3</sup> Cf. *Pasquils Fooles-Cap* (Bodleian copy), Morphorus to the Reader, "Hee, that of late was in a Madding fit"; and *Melancholike humours*, Preface, "Pasquill, hauing been long in his dumps, in somewhat better then a browne studie, hath brought forth the fruites of a fewe melancholike humours".

<sup>4</sup> R. B. McKerrow, *Dictionary of Printers*.

another link between the names of Breton and Nashe, who, however, died some time in 1600. Both writers dedicated works to the Countess of Pembroke; and it may have been rivalry for the lady's patronage that caused Nashe to attack *Brittons Bowre Of Delightes* in his preface to Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella*: Nashe addresses himself to those that haue seene *Pan* sitting in his bower of delights, & a number of *Midasses* to admire his miserable hornpipes, let not your surfeted sight, now come from such puppet play, thinke scorne to turn aside into this Theater of pleasure . . . my stile is somewhat heauie gated, and cannot daunce trip and goe so liuely, with oh my loue, ah my loue, all my loutes gone as other Sheepheards that haue beene fooles in the Morris time out of minde.<sup>1</sup>

Nashe's *Lenten stuffe . . . or the progresse of a red herring* (1599) is also dedicated "To his worthie good Patron, Lustie Humfrey . . . King of the Tobacconists hic & vbique". Nashe refers to the coming appearance of "the sacred Poem of The Hermetes Tale, that will restore the golden age among vs". Only the third edition of Humfrey King's book has survived: it was printed "for Thomas Thorp by the assignement of Edward White" in 1613; and is entitled "An Halfe-penny-worth of Wit, in a Penny-worth of Paper. Or, The Hermites Tale".<sup>2</sup> There is a mock dedication to the Countess of Sussex, followed by several commendatory poems, amongst which there is an anonymous poem that swears

By the Red-herring thy true patronage,  
And famous *Nash*, so deere vnto vs both;  
By all the bowers that we haue reuelled in.

Both Nashe and Breton address this poet-shopkeeper as "Lustie Humfrey"<sup>3</sup>: in 1600 he was evidently contemplating marriage, and Breton suggests that *Pasquils Mistresse* might help him to select a wife. Breton's dedication gives a slight tinge of colour to Grosart's otherwise unwarranted assertion that Breton had "an unquiet wife":

So, wishing thine honest heart as good fortune as my selfe, and as much

<sup>1</sup> Cf. *Brittons Bowre Of Delightes*, Breton's poem on the death of Sir Philip Sidney, "Amoris Lachrymae":

"Oh my loue, ah my loue, all my loutes gone"

and a little further on

"Pan in a rage hath broken all his Pipes".

<sup>2</sup> Evidently there was at least one imitation: cf. West's *Sale Catalogue* (1773) "Robin the Dievil his The Peniworth of Wit in a Half a Peniworth of Paper. By Robert Lee, a famous fencer of London, alias Robin the Dievil. *For N. Ling.* 1607".

<sup>3</sup> Cf. *A Halfe-penny-worth of Wit*, p. 13: "You are welcome heartily, vnto lusty Humfrey".

better as shall please God; if you light well, to be glad, but not proude of it; if otherwise, to be as patient as your poore friendes.

The dedication is followed by two prefaces—one "To the Reader"; and the second, "Pasquill, in general, to women". *Pasquils Mistresse* is written, as are the other Pasquill satires, in rhyme royal; and there are many of Breton's familiar expressions in the poem. The construction is extremely simple: just as in *Pasquils Mad-Cap* a long catalogue is given of all the people who are mad, and fools are collected in *Pasquils Fooles-Cap*, *Pasquils Mistresse* is a collection of women who would make good and bad wives. Mere outward beauty is condemned, and the virtues are mostly negative ones, such as not flirting, not being extravagant, and not gossiping with other women. *Pasquils Mistresse* is followed by two short poems: "Pasquils Description of his Mistresse, with a passion vpon the Ielousie of her match" is, somewhat surprisingly after all the talk in the preceding poem about the beauties of the mind, one of those detailed limb-by-limb catalogues of the poet's mistress which were immensely popular in the sixteenth century, but which strike the modern reader as rather tasteless. The second poem, "A description of Ielousie", is in Breton's favourite rhyme royal again; and is a more impressive affair.

In spite of Breton's promise in *No Whippinge* (1601) that if Madcap is pardoned for his satires "he hath done with capping any more", in 1602 Richard Jones printed "Olde Mad-cappes new Gally-mawfrey. Made into a merrie messe of Mingle-mangle, out of these three idle-conceited Humours following. 1. I will not. 2. Oh, the merrie time. 3. Out vpon Money".<sup>1</sup> It is dedicated "To the true touch of witte in the spirit of the best vnderstanding in a Gentlewoman (worthie of much honour) Mistris Anne Breton of Little Catthorpe in Leicestershire, Nicho. Breton wisheth all eternall happines"; and signed "Nich. Breton". This lady was not Anne Sutton whom Breton married in 1593: from the entries in St. Giles' Parish Registers, Breton kept his family in London; nor is the language of the dedication that of a husband to a wife:

The much good that I know in you, and the good that in your goodnesse I haue receiued from you, make me willing to remember you, with this small token of greater service that I owe you: . . . so, in thanks for your vnderuerued good fauours, leauing my Verses to your good patience, and my better Vertues to your commaundement".

<sup>1</sup> There are two copies of this book extant: one in the British Museum and the other in the H. E. Huntington Library.



Robert Breton, the eldest son of Breton's brother Richard, settled at Barwell in Leicestershire, about fifteen miles from Calthorpe or Catthorpe<sup>1</sup>: but Catthorpe Manor was owned by Captain Nicholas Breton (son of John Breton of Tamworth), who married Anne, daughter of Sir Edward Legh of Rushall, Staffordshire.<sup>2</sup> This dedication therefore indicates that Breton had some connection with the Northamptonshire branch of the family.

The short preface to this "dish of Gallimawfrey" is signed "N.B." As Breton himself puts it in the Dedication to *Melancholike humours*, his poems "are all waters of one spring: but they runne through many kinds of earth; whereof they giue a kinde of tang in their taste". The first poem, *I will not*, is on the familiar pattern: Breton runs through all the things that madmen<sup>3</sup> and fools<sup>4</sup> waste their time over, and that he hopes to be delivered from<sup>5</sup>; and declares that he will not do them. *I will not* is one side of the picture painted in *I Would, And would not* (1614). As in *Pasquils Mad-Cap*, Breton attacks the fantastic fashions in food and dress that were replacing roast beef and homespun. His preference for good roast beef and nappy ale, while

A Tit-mouse roasted, and a Sparrowe stewde,  
Is meate for such as eate for fashion sake.

prepares the reader for the rustic joys described in the second poem, "Mad-caps Oh the Merrie Time". Breton sings the goodly golden time when prices were low, youth would serve for his keep,

And euerie stalke did beare her flower full streight.

In this poem Breton anticipates Herrick's descriptions of country superstitions and ceremonies. Appreciation of village life for what it was, was unusual at the time of Breton's writing "Oh, the merrie time"; when the poets were busy peopling the countryside with well-bred shepherds and shepherdesses. The poem ends with despair for the future so long as money rules the world; and this paves the way to the third poem, "Madcaps out vpon money", an invective against this monarch that "selles the *Plant* before it be a *Tree*", makes the miller give false measure, an ugly wench seem a fair maid, a fool acceptable to wise men, and so on. Breton concludes that money

<sup>1</sup> Visitation of Leicester (1619) *Harleian Society Publications*.

<sup>2</sup> I owe this information to an unpublished thesis in the Harvard University Library by Dr. F. L. McCloskey entitled *Studies in the Works of Nicholas Breton* (1929).

<sup>3</sup> Cf. *Pasquils Mad-Cap*.

<sup>4</sup> Cf. *Pasquils Fooles-Cap*.

<sup>5</sup> Cf. "Pasquils Precession" in *Pasquils Passe, and passeth not*.



is not intrinsically bad; but that it has been debased by man. The poem ends, like so many of Breton's works, with the resolve to "seeke the *treasure* of the *Spirites* wealth".

There are two extant copies of *Pasquils Fooles-Cap*,<sup>1</sup> one in the Bodleian Library and the other in the H. E. Huntington Library, California. Grosart used the Bodleian Library copy for his edition of Breton's works: on examination, the Huntington Library copy is shown to be a different issue, probably slightly earlier in date. The title adheres to the entry to Richard Jones in the *Stationers' Register* on May 10, 1600: "The Second Part of Pasquils Mad-Cap Intituled: The Fooles-Cap. With Pasquils Passion": whereas the Bodleian title reads as follows: "Pasquils Fooles-Cap Sent To Such (To Keepe Their weake braines warme) as are not able to conceiue aright of his Mad-cap, With Pasquils Passion for the worlds waywardnesse". In place of the three stanzas in the Bodleian copy headed "*Morphorius* to the Reader, in the *behalf* of his *friende* Pasquill":

Hee that of late was in a Madding fit,  
Doth from a franzy to a folly fall:  
And which is better, madde or foolishe witte?  
I thinke as good almost haue none at all.  
Well, Sugar sweete, or bitter as the gall,  
Tis Pasquils humour, so I pray you take it:  
And as you like it, chuse it, or forsake it.

His meaning was, to please none but himselfe,  
Nor to displease but those that well deserue it:  
He doth not care though Enuy play the elfe:  
His dish is drest, and hee will not Reserue it:  
But to the world, for such poore diet serue it,  
As are content with ordinarie dishes,  
While Nicer Gullies are choakt with Gugin fishes.

When he was Madde, hee Rag'd against the knaue:  
Now idely fitted, falles vpon the Foole,  
In hope that Doctors better wisdomes haue,  
Then Carpe at schollers that doe goe to schoole  
And wishe a workeman but to knowe his tooles:  
For *Graues-end Barge* can neuer passage haue,  
Till it be furnisht with a Foole or Knaue.

the Huntington Library copy is prefaced by this unheaded poem:

<sup>1</sup> The Folger Library, Washington, which recently acquired Sir R. L. Harnsworth's Library, informs me that the collection does not contain a copy of *Pasquils Fooles-Cap*, and the entry of one in *S.T.C.* was presumably an error.

Be it to all men by these presents knowne;  
 That if there be a Certaine *Second part*,  
 Of *Pasquils Mad Cappe*, that hath lately growne,  
 Farre from the ground of his vnskillfull Arte:  
 Hee vowes it is no carriage of his Cart:  
 Take hee that list the *Hobby-Horse* to shooring,  
*Morphorius* knowes, tis none of *Pasquils* dooing.

But if it be well written, well may it bee:  
 God speede the Plough, and prosper well the Seede:  
 But, if a blinde man thinke that hee can see,  
 When fairer eyes haue much adoe to reede:  
 If such an humour idle spirits feede,  
 I wish him better to his worke to looke,  
 And take another title to his booke.

For, let a man that means to seeke for Grace,  
 Not robbe another to enrich himselfe;  
 Least it be thought a lamentable case,  
 That many care not how they gather pelfe;  
 Let *Iacke-an-Apes* alone to play the Elfe:  
 Least it be found in *Reasons* true effect,  
 A *Counterfaite* is but a deade expect.

The intention of this (conjecturally) earlier version seems to have been to emphasize further the remark in *Morphorius'* letter "To his Honest friende Pasquill in all haste" declaring that, in castigating fools, he has not forgotten:

such Beetle-headed *Asses*, as taking vpon them the worke of thy *Wit* (in seeking to robbe thee of thy *Worthinesse*) haue shewed the height of their Foolishnesse.

In fulfilment of this threat, a verse of *Pasquils Fooles-Cap* is devoted to the plagiarist:

Hee that doth hit vpon a printed booke,  
 And findes a name neere fitting to his owne,  
 And of his owne poore wit hath vndertooke  
 The ground of all hath from his humor growne,  
 When euery Bird is by her feather knowne,  
*Pasquill* doth tell him that poor *Æsopes Pie*  
 Will show him how his *Wit* hath gone awry.

No spurious second part of *Pasquils Mad-Cap* has survived; though it would seem from these strictures that Breton was not smarting under an imaginary grievance.

There are no variations in the texts of the second poem; except that, in accordance with the title-pages, in the Huntington Library

copy it is entitled "Pasquils Passion", and in the Bodleian copy "Pasquils Passion for the worlds waywardnesse". The penultimate verse of *Pasquils Fooles-Cap* in the Huntington copy ends

I will conclude (to prooue worlds *Wit* an *Asse*)  
*Vanitas vanitatum, & omnia vanitas.*

This is altered in the Bodleian copy to

I will conclude (to prooue worlds *Wit* an *Asse*)  
 Mans *Wit* is vaine, shalbe, and euer was.

possibly in order to avoid too much sameness with a verse near the end of *Pasquils Passion*:

And therefore thus in briefe I end my song,  
 The wisest man hath writ, that euer was,  
*Vanitas vanitatum, & omnia vanitas.*  
*Vanitie all, all is but vanitie,*  
 Nothing on earth but that will haue an end:

The final and superfluous verse in the Huntington copy of *Pasquils Fooles-Cap* is omitted from the Bodleian copy:

And since the word of highest *Wisdom*e shewes,  
 The finest *Wit* of all the world but *Folly*:  
 While gracious *Reason* in *Repentance* knowes,  
 While that the heart is in it selfe vnholly:  
 The sense of *Wisdom*e is in vertue soly:  
 Let all the world confesse, what *Conscience* tries,  
 He is a *Foole*, that is not *Heau'nly wise*.

To compensate for this loss, two extra stanzas are inserted in the Bodleian copy before the final stanza; one drawn from the Bible, the other containing one of Breton's many attacks on Machiavelli:

Hee that is *Esau* for *Vnthriftinesse*,  
 And followes *Caine* in his *vngodlinesse*:  
 And loues *Achitophell* for wickednesse,  
 And is a *Iudas*, in *vnfaithfulnesse*,  
 Whateuer shoue he make of *holinesse*:  
 That man I finde in too much *foolishnesse*,  
 Hath redde the Scripture in *vnhappinesse*.

Hee that of *Machaule* doth take instruction  
 To manage all the matters of his thought;  
 And treads the way but to his owne destruction,  
 Till late *Repentance* be too dearely bought,  
 Shall finde it true, that hath beene often taught:  
 As good be Idle as to goe to schoole,  
 To come away with nothing but the *Foole*.

JEAN ROBERTSON.

## A WOMAN WAILING FOR HER DEMON LOVER

Professor Lowes's *Road to Xanadu* is not a book which wants notes, in the sense of now lacking them. It is a magnificently annotated book. Yet it is a book which in another sense will always want notes, for it tempts and solicits them, though by its very nature it could never possibly get enough. It is one of those magnetic, dangerous creations, like the Variorum Shakespeare or Hill's edition of Boswell, which have the art of persuading the reader that he may add just one more touch; and the one more is never the last; there is no last. Such works are the Loreleis of scholarship.

This is an excuse, perhaps, for wishing to bring forward the following suggestion, which is in the nature of a note to Professor Lowes's book.

There are three lines near the beginning of *Kubla Khan* which even in the *Road to Xanadu* almost escaped annotation. They are three of the immortal five which Kipling once nominated, in his journalistic way, for the distinction of being the most purely magical in all English poetry. They are the lines:

A savage place! as holy and enchanted  
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted  
By woman wailing for her demon lover!

Professor Lowes does not suggest a source for those lines, and, apart from some astral hints by Kipling, I do not know that any suggestion of a source has ever been made.

There is some likelihood that Coleridge found the main elements of the passage in the apocryphal Book of Tobit. At least, three scenes of that Book suggest the possibility that he did. The scene in Chapter Three where Sara, the woman who had been persecuted by Asmodeus the demon lover, "prayed toward the window", lamenting her lot, surely bears a resemblance to Coleridge's picture. The glimpse in Chapter Seven of Sara in tears on her wedding night may reinforce the resemblance. The scene in Chapter Eight where Sara and Tobias, having driven off the demon by burning the entrails of a fish, rise up in the night and pray to God for permanent deliverance, is also suggestive: it contains two unromantic elements, a husband and a fish, which do not occur in Coleridge, but it also contains the romantic elements of his striking picture. If we put together the three scenes from the Book of Tobit and note their common features, we can find: a woman lamenting, a demon lover, a strange enchantment,

the holiness of prayer, and the darkness of night. The combination is suggestive.

We also happen to know—for Professor Lowes has pointed it out in a note—that very close to the time when *Kubla Khan* was composed, Coleridge was meditating an essay on the Book of Tobit. In a collection of literary projects whose titles he jotted into his notebook, he put "An Essay on Tobit" at the very top of the list. We might guess that the Apocrypha story was in his mind as well as in his notebook.

Yet even if it were beyond question that Tobit's story, and specifically the image of his afflicted daughter-in-law, had been deeply impressed upon Coleridge at nearly the time of writing *Kubla Khan*, it would still be a puzzling question how they ever managed to intrude themselves into that particular poem. On the surface it is hard to see any connection whatever between the picture of Sara lamenting over her demon and the vivid description of an earthly paradise with which it is coupled in the first part of *Kubla Khan*; no poetic images could appear to be much more remote from each other.

Those, however, who are familiar with Professor Lowes's theory of the creative process will know that one possible explanation of such an odd juxtaposition is that somewhere in Coleridge's reading these same two images (or groups of images) had also been found juxtaposed; they had therefore entered his mind hooked together in some way, and had lain thus in his memory till the time when the poem was created; then, in the imaginative excitement of creation, if one of the images was called up from the depths of memory, its hooked mate, unsummoned, might appear at its side.

*Kubla Khan* is, of course, a poem in which the description of an earthly paradise is of central importance, and we cannot doubt that whatever imaginative impulse created the poem had power to summon from the caverns of Coleridge's memory many details of the previous descriptions he had read of such an enchanted place: a hidden and confined garden-spot of the world, infinitely beautiful and enfolding within itself the secret of immortal happiness, and yet also in the midst of its bliss aware of its own possible destruction (that awareness usually suggested in the descriptions, perhaps unintentionally, by an underground river beneath the bright surface of the garden). Substantially such a picture could be found in the Book of Genesis, in *Paradise Lost*, in Dante's *Purgatorio*, in Johnson's *Rasselas*, and in many other places.

If we were to choose, however, any single source as the most important in supplying Coleridge with the details of his description of paradise, we should probably have to agree with Professor I. A. Richards in naming the famous passage in the fourth book of *Paradise Lost*. One of the most interesting chapters in the *Principles of Literary Criticism* is the one which turns aside from the main purpose of that critical treatise to comment on *Kubla Khan's* indebtedness to Milton's epic; Professor Richards was, of course, only pointing out what had already been noticed by Professor Lane Cooper; naturally Professor Lowes was aware both of the fact of Coleridge's borrowing and of the comments on it of previous scholars.

Yet, so far as I know, none of these scholars, nor any other who has named *Paradise Lost* as a source, has chanced to point out the fact that Milton, just before launching into his famous description of Eden, made a specific allusion to the demon lover of the Book of Tobit. Having undertaken a long Homeric comparison between the heavenly scents which Satan breathed as he drew near the Garden and "*Sabea*n Odours from the spicie shoare of *Araby* the blest" which delight the sailors of passing ships, Milton concluded his figure:

So entertaind those odorous sweets the Fiend  
Who came their bane, though with them better pleas'd  
Than *Asmodeus* with the fishie fume  
That drove him, though enamour'd, from the Spouse  
Of *Tobits* Son, and with a vengeance sent  
From *Media* post to *Aegypt*, there fast bound.

Then in the very next line he began the description of Eden:

Now to th'ascent of that steep savage Hill  
Satan had journed on . . .

The word *savage* Milton happened to use here in the rather uncommon sense of *woody* (*silvaticus*). The uncommon sense may have been what caught Coleridge's attention, for he seems to have adopted it in his own description.

It seems probable that this passage of *Paradise Lost* supplies us with the accidental juxtaposition which we guessed might have occurred somewhere in Coleridge's reading; and, if so, we may now claim to have found both what was the ultimate source of Coleridge's lines and what was the precise channel through which he drew upon that source.

Unfortunately, as is usually the case, if one minor mystery is now

solved another has taken its place. If the images of the lines in *Kubla Khan* did certainly come from the Book of Tobit, can we account for the transmutation which they underwent in their passage into the modern poem? How, for example, are we to explain the fact that Coleridge's maiden, instead of fearing her demon, is full of nostalgic longing for him? How are we to account for the disappearance of the dry and literal details of the husband and the fish? Can we guess why Coleridge's imagination added one vivid detail to the apocryphal scene: that is, a waning moon?

It is to be hoped that some fresh annotator will suggest a solution of these perplexities. For only these seem now to prevent us from understanding the process of poetic creation. Just one more note will be needed to make it all clear.

THOMAS COPELAND.

#### THE TEXT OF TROLLOPE'S *AUTOBIOGRAPHY*

Early in 1939, rereading the *Autobiography* in the *World's Classics* reprint, I was struck by a dozen passages which cried aloud for correction. To correct most of them was not difficult; but my story is none the less interesting.

At that time I had—or thought I had—no knowledge of Trollope's hand except his own statement in the *Autobiography* that as a young man he wrote very badly. It was unlikely that he improved with age. But when I took down my copy of the second edition (1883) there fell out of it a short letter of Trollope's, dated February 19, 1870, which I had forgotten I possessed. This letter told me that Trollope's was a rapid and excessively current hand. Three or four words, easily guessed in their context, would in isolation have beaten almost any reader not very familiar with Trollope's manuscript. I noticed in particular that his initial *g* is abnormal: *gives* looked like *lives*; *great* I first read as *cruel*; *grievance* looked much more like *prevance*. I later gave the letter to Mr. M. L. Parrish, of Philadelphia, who had projected an edition of Trollope's correspondence, and has, I think, read hundreds of his letters; he told me he had "deciphered" my scrap "with difficulty".

I had first to satisfy myself that the passages in question were faithfully reproduced, in the *World's Classics*, from the original edition. I found that the Oxford printer and reader were nowhere at fault. I then consulted Mr. Michael Sadleir about Trollope's MSS. He reminded me that the MS. of the *Autobiography* was acquired by the



British Museum, through the Friends of the National Libraries, in 1932. I next turned to Mr. Frederick Page, of the Oxford Press, who looked up the passages for me and reported that the MS. confirmed most of my doubts and a majority of my solutions. The antecedent probability of corruption was great; for (1) the MS. is illegible; (2) the book was published posthumously; (3) the editor, Trollope's son Henry, was, I imagine, not a practised proof-reader. This probability was now confirmed.

Here arises a nice point of literary propriety, which I have not seen discussed, though I myself mooted it many years ago. When I was in Macedonia in 1918, remote from libraries, I beguiled the tedium of a long hot summer (in which "courage was useless and enterprise impracticable") by intensive study of Johnson's *Journey to the Western Islands*. Fortune, and Sir Humphrey Milford, furnished me with a copy of the first edition (1775) which lacked the errata-leaf. There are on that leaf eleven errata, of which ten are either slips by Johnson or misreadings of his hand; one is an error of fact. I was lucky enough to make the ten corrections. They were such as any trained classical scholar would make, in a Greek or Latin text, *stans pede in uno*, if he had noticed that the text would not do. But I thought I had vindicated the claims of textual criticism by detecting *all* the mistakes which Johnson, having overlooked them when he read the proofs, detected on the eve of publication.<sup>1</sup>

Perhaps I have already, by anticipation, settled my moot point. On the one hand it is in a sense idle to publish as conjecture what reference to a manuscript, or to an errata-list, has advanced to certainty. On the other hand, such verification is now almost as rare as that which a total eclipse of the sun furnishes of physical speculation, and should convince the least credulous that textual criticism, however unimportant, is a real key and will open locks.<sup>2</sup>

(I suppose I ought not to omit mention of the possibility of fraud. Such experiences as I report might be faked. In the present case the records of the British Museum Manuscript Room, a number of documents, and the recollection of several persons of repute would establish my bona fides—if in these days one may assume the survival of persons, memories, or documents.)

And now, to conclude my preamble, I state my belief that I am

<sup>1</sup> See my edition of the *Journey and Tour*, Oxford, 1924, p. xv.

<sup>2</sup> For the other side of the medal, see Johnson's quotation, in the *Preface to Shakespeare*, from Scaliger: *Illudunt nobis conjecturae nostrae, quarum nos pudet, posteaquam in meliores codices incidimus.*

not knocking at an open door. The editors of modern English texts, written and printed later than (say) A.D. 1700, are still strangely reluctant to believe that print is fallible, or to face the duty of suspecting corruption and seeking its cure. They are still too often willing to assume that careless authors read their proofs with a vigilance not always shown by twentieth-century professors, and even to assume that when authors were dead the editors of their letters or other remains were no less competent. Finally, when they are forced to admit a fault, they seem to despair of a remedy.

Textual criticism, in this field, is the very humble handmaid of the editor, the æsthetic judge, the researcher. But she has her usefulness. I would add that I have found her a charming companion in the loneliness of passive warfare and in the lassitude of convalescence.

I append my notes, substantially as they were first copied by my secretary, Miss E. G. Withycombe, and submitted to Sir Humphrey Milford, Sir Edward Marsh,<sup>1</sup> and Mr. Page. In square brackets I add the result of verification. The references are to the pages of the *World's Classics* reprint.

60. Trollope, when a Post Office servant in Ireland, was sent to interview a gentleman with a grievance: *The place was not in my district, but I was borrowed, being young and strong, that I might remember the edge of his personal wrath.* I should like something like *blunt* or *fender* (if *fender* were a verb). But *encounter* is the nearest I can get to *remember*. [Trollope's MS.: *encounter*.]
122. *My old friend Colonel Maberly had been, some time since, squeezed into, and his place was filled by Mr. Rowland Hill.*—*squeeze into* seems unlikely in any suitable sense; *squeeze out* is used of such extrusions. [Trollope's MS.: *out*.]
169. Trollope is writing of his development of the same characters from one novel to another, and says that he cannot expect his readers to do it justice. *Who will read Can You Forgive Her?, Phineas Finn, Phineas Redux, and The Prime Minister consecutively, in order that they may understand the characters . . . ? Who will ever know that they should be so read?* The thought would be better expressed if we could read *Who will even know*. On the other hand, 258, Trollope says he has known men take public money without earning it. *Nothing would annoy me more than to think that I should even be supposed to have been among the number.* The context does not seem to call for any sharp contrast between the reality and the reputation of culpable negligence. I think Trollope wrote *ever*. [Mr. Page reports that Trollope's *ever* and *even* are indistinguishable. So thought is free.]

<sup>1</sup> Sir Edward is the author of a palmary emendation in *Doctor Thorne*: *lachrymose* for *lacking more*. See his recently published reminiscences, *A Number of People*, *ad. fin.*

174. *The publication (The Fortnightly) has assured an individuality . . . which is well understood. I assumed.* [Trollope's MS. : assumed.]
177. *Mr. Freeman (in his attack on fox-hunting) has failed to perceive that amusement is as needful and almost as necessary as food and raiment. This can hardly be right. Possibly healthful.* [Trollope's MS. : useful.]
187. *Both (books) were written immediately after visits to the towns in which the scenes are laid,—Prague, mainly, and Nuremburg. I think Trollope wrote namely; but I have not read Nina Balathra or Linda Tressel, and do not know if other towns are used.* [Trollope's MS. : namely.]
189. *Supposed advice to a literary aspirant: As, sir, you have asked for my candid opinion, I can only counsel you to try some other work of life which may be better suited to your abilities. Perhaps Trollope wrote walk of life; below (190) he uses vocation in the same context. Councillor (189) should no doubt be counsellor.* [Trollope's MS. : walk of life and counsellor.]
200. *It is so hard for a man to decide vigorously that the pitch . . . will defile him. This may be right, but rigorously would better describe a difficult distinction of right and wrong.* [Trollope's MS. : vigorously.]
212. *Of his characters: Of each man I could assert whether he would have said these or the other words; of every woman, whether she would then have smiled or so have frowned. Every careless writer who is in the habit of throwing his scribbles at a printer or a copyist probably finds, as I do, that thus becomes then nine times out of ten.* [Trollope's MS. : then.]
213. *A writer's language should be so pellucid that the meaning should be rendered without an effort of the reader;—and not only some proposition of meaning, but the very sense, no more and no less, which the writer has intended.—proposition seems nonsense; proportion would do, opposed to no more and no less.* [Trollope's MS. : proportion.]
242. *The sin, (of touting for favourable reviews) when perpetuated with unflagging labour, brings with it at best very poor reward.—perpetuated seems too bad for even Trollope at his most slovenly. Read perpetrated.* [Trollope's MS. : perpetrated.]
251. *The characters in The Last Chronicle of Barset.—The surroundings too are good. Mrs. Proudie at the palace is a real woman; and the poor old dean dying at the deanery is also real. The archdeacon in his victory is very real. Years ago, in my copy of the second edition (1883) I queried dean. A dean of Barchester dies in Barchester Towers; and Mr. Harding, who dies in The Last Chronicle, was offered the deanery; dean might be a slip. I notice that in the letter of 1870 (referred to above) Trollope writes an initial (small) m with the first stroke much higher than the rest, so that mine looks like lune; poor old man, therefore, might be read as poor old dean. Mr. Harding must be meant.* [Trollope's MS. : dean—his mistake.]

And what of *the archdeacon in his victory*? I recall no victory (he was handsomely beaten by Grace Crawley), unless his persuading Mr. Crawley to accept a living is so described. Surely *rectory* (Plum-

stead Episcopi) is better in itself and in the context—palace, deanery, rectory. [Trollope's MS.: *at his rectory.*]

258. *I had suffered* (at the G.P.O.) *not only on my own personal behalf, but also . . . when I could not promise to be done the things which I thought ought to be done for the benefit of others.—promise does not seem the right word; ? procure.* [Trollope's MS.: *procure.*]
261. The magazine edited by Trollope was called *The St. Paul's*. The proprietor, Mr. Virtue, dared not call it *Virtue's Magazine*, and wanted to call it *Anthony Trollope's*.—*But to this I objected eagerly. There were then about the town—still are about the town—two or three literary gentlemen, by whom to have had myself edited would have driven me an exile from my country.* The *O.E.D.*, quoting this passage only, defines *edited* as *furnished with an editor*, which seems incompatible with the context. Trollope must mean, I think, *addressed as editor*, as if he had said "I won't be Dear Trollope by A, B and C". He may have hoped to deal with A, B and C impersonally. [Trollope's MS.: *edited*, so *O.E.D.* is haunted by one more ghost.]
272. Trollope had hoped to stand as a Liberal for one of the divisions of his own county of Essex. *But another gentleman . . . was put forward by what I believe to have been the defeating interest, and I had to give way.—the defeating interest is puzzling, but the context is obscure. There is no obscurity in the context, and I kicked myself for missing a "sitter".* [Trollope, of course, wrote *the dissenting interest.*]

*Postscript.* Since this was written I have found some further notes. My original list was sent to Mr. Page on March 16, 1939. On March 30 I wrote to him: "Other places I am (more or less) inclined to suspect are"—and a short list followed, from which I cull two specimens. I had failed to emend these places.

"163. French prig—who is she?" [She is in *O.E.D.*, but is no better than she should be. Trollope's MS. has *female prig.*]

"211 l. 7 useful." The sentence as printed is: *These, it may be said, are reflections which I, being an old novelist, might make useful to myself for discontinuing my work, but can hardly be needed by those tyros of whom I have spoken.* [Trollope's MS. has *useful to myself as reasons for discontinuing.*]

R. W. CHAPMAN.

## REVIEWS

**The Oxford Book of Christian Verse.** Edited by Lord David Cecil. Oxford, at the Clarendon Press. 1940. Pp. xxxiii + 560. 8s. 6d. net.

With the exception of textual criticism there is perhaps no scholarly activity in which the work is so disproportionate to the reward as in the compiling of an anthology. The labour of reading through all, or nearly all, our sacred poets from Rolle to Ruth Pitter; of flogging into activity a critical faculty which must, before the end of the task, become as jaded as that of an examiner; of seeking—what is never attained—perfect accuracy in transcription and proof-reading, is very great; the reward is usually to have one's final choice criticized by reviewers who have not given a hundredth part of the editor's thought to the subject and who, perhaps, take for granted considerations which he has had to abandon after serious reflection. I find myself just such a reviewer. I have a strong inclination to pull Lord David Cecil's book about—to shove a poem in here and remove a poem there. I would have selected differently than he from Chesterton; I would have had Mr. Charles Williams represented by one of the great odes from *Taliessin*. I would read *worlds* for *words* on p. 398. But all this is so little to the purpose that I think it better to leave all detailed criticisms unwritten and discuss instead certain questions arising out of his preface.

Lord David Cecil explains the rarity of good Christian poetry (which here means poetry about Christianity from within) by a tendency to insincerity on the part of the poet who "feels it profane to show himself in all his earthy imperfections" (p. xii), and "will allow himself to express only unexceptionable sentiments" (p. xiii). I am neither convinced of the fact nor satisfied by the explanation. I do not know whether good Christian poetry is rare. Is the percentage of rubbish in the whole corpus of such poetry higher than in the whole corpus of heroic, or erotic, or "nature" poetry? It is a question of statistics, and I do not know where those statistics can be found.

But on the supposed tendency to insincerity or a borrowed attitude, I have something to say. This seems to me precisely the reverse of

the truth. Let us see the Christian poets actually at work. "But yet, alas, for all this, I Have little mind that I must die", confesses Southwell. "If, what my soul doth feel sometimes, My soul might ever feel!" sighs Herbert. "If ought is felt, 'tis only pain To find I cannot feel", says Cowper with almost scientific accuracy. "I cannot will", says Christina Rossetti, "I cannot wish"—"can neither choose nor wish to choose". The important thing to notice is that the poets are not merely making general confessions of sinfulness; that might be part of a borrowed attitude. They are recording, with the most clear-sighted fidelity, the failure of their feelings to respond to the object with which their poetry is concerned. Now we do not find other poets doing this nearly so often. The nature poets do it now and then, doubtless because the romantic love of nature is, in some degree, a religion. But the great mass of poets almost ignore that phenomenon which stands to their subject-matter as "dryness" stands to the Christian life. This is not in the least because it does not occur. There are plenty of days when the lover cannot love (and even, if truth were told, when the lecher cannot lust!), the warrior cannot feel martial, the patriot cannot feel patriotic, and the satirist cannot feel indignant. But hardly a word of this comes out in the poetry. A visitor from another world who judged humanity simply by its poetry would get the impression from profane poetry that we were creatures who lived habitually on a high, level plateau of consistent passion; from our sacred poetry, and from it almost alone, would he get any notion of human experience as it really is, with all its lee-shores and doldrums and rudderless hithering and thithering. If any such contrast as Lord David Cecil draws between sacred and profane verse is to be drawn at all, we must draw it the other way round. It is the profane poetry which assumes attitudes of greater clarity and consistency than inner experience will really support; it is the sacred poetry which gives us life in the raw. For whatever else the religious life may be, it is apparently the fountain of self-knowledge and disillusion, the safest form of psychoanalysis. I had almost said "and the least expensive", but that's as may be. Most Christians, I suspect, would say that while the cost is merely nominal if we regard the value of the goods, it is seldom less than the total wealth of the purchaser.

"The average hymn", writes Lord David Cecil, "is a by-word for forced feeble sentiment, flat conventional expression" (p. xi). Now it is certainly true that all hymnbooks are full of very bad poems. But before we explain this by the hypothesis that the sentiments are



forced (which is an inference from the felt badness of the poems and not, as we too easily suppose, a *datum*) it would be well to remind ourselves of two facts. In the first place, many very bad English hymns are translations of very good Latin hymns. The uninspiring jingle of

O what their joy and their glory must be,  
Those endless Sabbaths the blessed ones see!

derives from the very delicate and sophisticated dance of

O quanta qualia sunt illa Sabbata,  
O quanta gaudia Sabbatizantium!

The badness of the English certainly does not tell us that Abelard's sentiments were "forced". And what it tells us about the translator (Neale) is that he was misled by an error of judgment. Abelard was dealing with Latin in the light of his own vernacular, which had little or no stress-accent, so that the *dum-de-de-dum* of bad English verse was not in his ear at all. Neale, using a vernacular in which stress-accent is positively tyrannical, selected a metre whose similarity to Abelard's is wholly superficial, and was too insensitive to notice how he had vulgarized his original. And that, if not the whole story, is surely as much of the story as we shall ever know. Speculations as to whether Neale's own desire for heavenly bliss was or was not "forced" are, in my opinion, wholly futile. Christians will feel sure that it was in some degree "forced" (as all ordinate desires have been ever since the Fall), but they will know this on grounds external to the poem. Purely literary criticism, if it tries to answer such a question, will find nothing but mares' nests.

And secondly, we must replace the badness of the hymns in its proper context, side-by-side with the badness of most modern attempts at what may be called "public" poetry—the badness of most modern laureate poems, installation odes, epithalamions, and other such occasional pieces. This is a purely modern phenomenon. Once, if you wanted an ode to celebrate your victory at the games, you went to the poet (Pindar or another) and ordered it, just as you ordered your banquet from the cook; and you had the same assurance of getting a good poem, if you chose a good poet, as of getting a good dinner, if you chose a good cook. If you wanted a diversion in your own house winding up with a compliment to the chief guest, you gave your order to Peele or Shakespeare or Milton; and got an *Arraignment of Paris*, a *Dream*, or a *Comus*. A poet who could not practise his art to order would then have been no less ridiculous than a surgeon who could not operate or a compositor who could not



print except when "inspired". But in the last few centuries we have unquestionably lost the power of fitting art into the processes of life—of producing a great work to fill up a given space of wall in a room or a given space of time in an evening's festivity. The decay of the hymn (for there was no difficulty about it in the Middle Ages) is only one instance of this general phenomenon. I do not doubt that this escape of poetry from the harness is a very great evil, and a very bad omen for the future of the culture in which it has occurred. But to trace it to some peculiarity in the subject-matter of the hymn is unscientific. For all phenomena of a class a single cause should be given. In the meantime, the bad modern hymns have still the use of preserving, however feebly, in the minds of churchgoers the idea (elsewhere almost lost) that poetry has the possible function of being controlled and used by human life as a whole. If ever a revival of "used" or "public" poetry occurs, it may be because even this thin and muddy trickle in our churches has preserved the old water-course.

A subtler question is raised when Lord David Cecil says of the "devout" poet, "as for using any but the most decorous language to express his feelings, the very idea horrifies him" (p. xiii). The number of devout poets who have overcome this "horror" seems rather remarkable—indeed, a student accustomed to the propriety and reverence of profane literature might well be shocked on first encountering the familiarity, or even the incivility, with which the sacred poets sometimes treat the Almighty. "Wert thou my enemy, O thou my friend, How wouldst thou worse, I wonder, than thou dost?" enquires Hopkins; a shrewd question. Hardy used to scold God a good deal—whether for existing or for not existing, it is sometimes difficult to make out—but he never touched the quick of the nerve as do those terrible words in Herbert,

O that Thou shouldst give dust a tongue  
To cry to thee  
And then not hear it crying . . .

After this, it is little that he should accuse God of first "enticing" and afterwards "betraying" him. But such direct railing is only one way in which the sacred poets abandon "the most decorous language". Indecorum of one sort or another is broadcast over the whole book. The Absolute and Ubiquitous is offered a pipe, a skirt, a tarbox, and a scrip by a shepherd who "swet; he had gon faster than a pace". Sexless spirit is represented explaining to the mortal beloved that

"hyr bed is made, hyr bolstar is in blysse". A miracle is performed in order that the Virgin Mary, after some very plain speaking from Joseph, may have cherries. The Creator, making man, has "a glass of blessings standing by", or comes near like an innkeeper to ask if the newly arrived guest lacks anything, or is warned that "in vain He struggles to get free". "How narrow is He", exclaims Patmore. "Is thy love indeed A weed?" asks Thompson.

In explanation of all this it is not sufficient (though it is true) to say that a religion which enthrones at its very centre the monstrous indecorum of the Incarnation cannot be expected to be very decorous about anything else. For the poets do not merely accept, they often seem anxious to exaggerate, the paradox of their faith—to wed the very great with the very little and to present the transcendent under symbols almost impudently mundane. And I think I see the reason of this. Lord David is right in thinking that the sacred subject, considered in itself, demands an almost stifling degree of decorum from the poet; if he is to "rise" to his subject, he must rise very high indeed, and will be tempted to borrow stilts. But sacred poets have, in varying degrees, been aware of this difficulty, and the history of the fashions in religious poetry is partly the history of the various ways in which they met it.

The obvious way of meeting it is the frontal attack—simply to be as "high" as you know how. This is the method of Pseudo-Cædmon, of Dante, of the great Latin hymns, of Dunbar's *Rorate Coeli*, of Smart. It has produced some of the best poetry in the world. The pieces from Young in this collection show what it is like when it fails; and so does Toplady's address to the soul ("Deathless principle", "celestial tenant"). This is, in one obvious sense, the most naïf or ingenuous solution, though of course, in technical detail, the work it produces may be highly sophisticated. It is employed either by very great poets who have a right to such audacity, or by fools who do not know they are being audacious.

The second method may be called that of transferred classicism. It aims, like the first, at splendour, but at splendour with a difference. It arises from two impulses which were often present in the same mind but which are distinct and complementary. One is the impulse which leads the poet to say, "We too ought to have our classics, our great epics, tragedies, and odes in the ancient manner. But if so, they must deal with Christianity, for that is our Great Subject, just as the *Fata Jovis* and the founding of Rome were Virgil's

Great Subject". The complementary impulse says, "We want a great Christian work. But that means doing for Christianity what the ancients did for Paganism; we must therefore produce epics, tragedies, and odes in the ancient manner". The urge to classicized Christian, or Christianized classical, work was further reinforced by the conception that "machines" were necessary to epic, but that Pagan and "Gothic" machines were childish, exploded, and profane. (These critical problems are largely discussed in Tasso, Davenant, and Cowley.) The method was almost wholly successful in Milton, and wholly successful in Tasso. What pitch of blasphemy and absurdity it can reach at its worst is known only to those who have read Vida's *Christiad*. But there is one thing to be noticed about this whole school. Bold and massive as its ornaments are, it is in a sense declining the frontal attack. Its God is, in some degree, disguised as a mere god, its Angels as inferior gods. There is an element of solemn masquerade in it; the poets and readers almost know that they are treating one thing in terms of another.<sup>1</sup> I believe that part of the pleasure was the pleasure of *idem in alio*. Just as in reading Johnson's *London* you enjoyed the skill with which modern parallels were found for detail after detail in the Juvenal, so in the *Davideis*, the *Christiad*, or the *Paradise Lost*, you enjoyed seeing how well Christianity could produce the councils, catalogues, Mercuries, and battlepieces of ancient epic. And indeed the pleasure of seeing that A is to B as C is to D is entwined with the pleasures of poetry throughout.

The third method is that of humble sobriety. The subject of our poetry is high beyond all height: we shall not try pitifully to scale that height with the carnal beauties of poetic diction. Nor shall we evade it by the classical and Pagan disguise. As cleanliness and convenience are the only beauties, other than those of the spirit, to which our Protestant churches aspire, so strong sense, rigid sincerity, genuine English, and the firmness of the metre shall be the only beauties of our sacred poetry—unless, indeed, a new uncovenanted beauty creeps in from the very contrast between the horrors and ecstasies described and the stern, unshaken lucidity of the form. We may, as in Cowper's *Castaway*, be standing on the brink of hell: that is no reason why our grammar, our scansion, or the shape of our

<sup>1</sup> But we must not decide *a priori* which elements are part of the masquerade and which are a more direct expression of the poet's belief. The corporeality of Milton's angels, which looks to a modern so like mere machinery, must be judged in the light of what we read in the Platonic Theologians such as Ficino or Henry More. It is up-to-date pneumatology of Milton's day and may well have been seriously believed by him.

lyric should be modified. The heart may be broken but the head is clear. It is the method of Watts and the Wesleys at their best, of Cowper nearly always. It is divided by a hair's breadth from flatness; but when it comes off it can no more be ignored than the blow of a hammer. It can, on occasion, lift such dull poets as Tate and Brady to the perfection of

Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then  
Have nothing else to fear.

These three methods are all more or less what Dr. Tillyard would call "direct"; those that follow are "oblique". They decline the whole problem of the "high" subject, and become at ease in Sion by disguising Sion as their native hamlet. The first and most obvious way of doing this is to fasten on the Incarnation, while leaving the thought of what is incarnate in the background. Hence all those songs, both mediæval and modern, in which the infant Christ is given toys and fruit and generally treated like any other baby. It would, of course, be a naïvety on our own part to suppose that this kind of poetry is *naïf*. The whole piquancy comes from the consciousness, never absent from the poet's mind, that this baby is *also* the Absolute, the Unconditioned, the *Ens Entium*. "By, by, lully, lulley" derives its whole point from this consciousness, and the age of "lully, lulley" is also the age of *Pange lingua*. The mediæval poets, in their own different way, are practising the same deliberate *litotes* which we see in Mr. Eliot's "it was (you may say) satisfactory". And this can be done even without reference to the Incarnation. The monosyllable *Sir*, used by Hopkins to God, does it to perfection;<sup>1</sup> and so does Fredegond Shove's "for the greatness of their love neither of them could speak".

The mention of love brings us naturally to the commonest of all the forms of "oblique" religious verse. Working on a hint from *Canticles*—not to say another hint furnished by the very nature of things and agreed upon, in very different senses, by Christians and Freudians—the poets present the relations of God and the soul in terms of the relations between two human lovers. The Middle Ages do this, once more, with a deceptive appearance of naïvety, borrowing the forms and phrases of popular songs which are very "profane" indeed: at the other end of the scale, Patmore does it in the lofty and abstruse

<sup>1</sup> To be sure *Domine* in the first century was the ordinary Roman equivalent for our *Sir*; but this is irrelevant to the linguistic situation in which Hopkins was writing.

manner, taking the symbol more seriously than the old poets, and always on the verge (some would say, beyond it) of the greatest obscenity that can be imagined. Herbert, writing with the sonneteers and the erotic poetry of Donne behind him, writes much of the *Temple* as if it were the poetical history of all the ups and downs (meetings, partings, quarrels, and reconciliations) of an earthly love. But he has other symbols as well; and with these we are embarked on the wide sea of symbolic sacred verse—the innkeeper of Herbert's *Love*, the hound in Francis Thompson, the shepherd in Ruth Pitter's *Turn not aside*.

The ways of making sacred poems are innumerable. The "devout persons" of Lord David's preface who are stifled by the difficulties he mentioned, are stifled not because they are devout but because they are no poets.

This seems to me in one way an encouraging book; the harvest of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries is, in my opinion, more vivid, more varied, and more excellent than that of any preceding age.

C. S. LEWIS.

**The Staging of Elizabethan Plays at the Red Bull Theater, 1605-1625.** By GEORGE FULLMER REYNOLDS. New York: Modern Language Association of America; London: Oxford University Press. 1940. Pp. viii+203. \$2.00.

Professor Reynolds, in a page of "Acknowledgments", pays deserved tribute to the work of Dr. W. J. Lawrence in the field of study with which this book is concerned, "this field which he has made peculiarly his own". It is a tribute which must have given especial pleasure to Dr. Lawrence, whose recent death all Elizabethan scholars mourn, coming as it did from one upon whom we may rightly turn his own compliment to a fellow-worker. We shall all miss the invariable response of Dr. Lawrence to any public communication bearing upon staging or stage-history, warmly appreciative or keenly critical, but always alert and friendly. A lively pen and a rich Northern Irish speech gave a very personal note to scholarship in Lawrence.

Professor Reynolds vies with Lawrence, indeed exceeds him by some five years, in the duration of his season of fruitfulness in this field of study. It is some thirty-five years since the first of his notable contributions appeared, at a time when the field was open only to pioneer work and when foundations were being laid.

It has often occurred to me that much benefit might be gained

from a comparative study of the stage and drama as practised at individual theatres in their respective milieus. Elizabethan comments upon rival theatres encourage this idea. Professor Reynolds has carried it out in respect of staging, and he has singled out for his study the Red Bull Theatre, which seemed to him the best for his purpose. It has the great advantage over Shakespeare's theatre, he points out, that it had no companion "private" theatre to confuse issues. (It is true, however, that the Queen's Men, its principal occupants, had licence in 1609 to play both at the Red Bull and at the Curtain, "their now usual houses".) The Red Bull, we might add, was a theatre built at a late enough date to profit by the long experience of thirty years of Elizabethan public stage-practice.

A preliminary difficulty is, of course, to establish the repertory of the theatre, that is to say, of the companies using it. And the Queen's Men were not at the Red Bull throughout. The evidence from their plays has therefore to be sifted with this proviso, that the form in which they survive may have been a version for the Cockpit, for example, or for court performance. Professor Reynolds, it is true, tends to equate court with public performances. The later history of the Greene-Beeston company, again, is confused, owing to the financial troubles in which Mrs. Greene's interest involved them. The consequent breakaway of some of their members under Beeston, upon which there is much unpublished material which I hope to publish, leaves the disposal of the company's repertory of plays obscure.

Professor Reynolds divides his repertory into three classes, in a descending order of authenticity, as documents for his survey. But his capital examples, in the main, are rightly placed in the first of these groups.

A second difficulty is the interpretation of the material thus segregated, in the form of stage-directions and of indications in the "score" of the play as a whole. Professor Reynolds dashes the common desire to accept these indications as evidence of actual stage-practice with a preliminary caution which is increased in the progress of his careful investigation. His conclusions, indeed, are as important in their negative or sceptical effects as in their positive affirmations.

Upon one generalization we may well agree as a statement of an important principle:

On the Elizabethan stage realism was rather a means of superficial appeal than a fundamental factor in dramatic structure (p. 192).



It may be observed, for example, that even a local travelling company, Simpson's Yorkshire company, which obviously could not carry about and set up much in the way of structural properties, dealt largely in fire "effects" and in elaborate costumes. Costume in general, again, was symbolical rather than realistic.

Yet I incline rather more than does Professor Reynolds, or than I myself did formerly, to the view that the great London theatres profited from the example of masque-productions in necessarily modest rivalry, though very far short of the elaborate machinery which served mostly for one performance only, or of the "rolling" stage which Professor Reynolds glances at as a possibility at the Red Bull (p. 70).

To deal in detail with a book so packed with detail, on material so open to divergent interpretations, is manifestly impossible. Professor Reynolds has applied his own analysis, resting upon his own basic principles, to the enormous mass of evidence available, and the result is of the greatest value as a re-examination of evidence.

I doubt very much whether there was little or no difference in staging between the 1590's and the 1620's (p. 5). Heywood was certainly actor and sharer as well as playwright with the Queen's Men (p. 7). It seems strange to read to-day of the "Cunningham forgeries" (p. 17). Surely this question is settled now. The "journey-men" of the Queen's Men were certainly of a lower standing than, e.g. Shakespeare's company, and were ill-paid when paid at all, some hardly literate, to judge by their signatures. Simpson's Yorkshire company specifically claimed that all the plays they acted were licensed, in reply to a charge of acting an illegal play (pp. 23-4). On the other hand, it is clear that they considered all printed plays, which they used as prompt-copies, to be presumably "licensed". Upon Professor Reynolds' important chapter "Was there a Rear Stage? Principles of Stage Management" (Chapter VII), I find it easier to accept his arguments for some use of "simultaneous" settings than his scepticism concerning any "permanent discoverable space" as a rear stage. The evidence of the Swan woodcut is far from cogent. Indeed, he is sceptical of his own scepticism, and this is typical of his great thoroughness and fairness throughout this book.

The book is well printed, with but few misprints, and has some useful illustrations, particularly the *Swetnam* title-page cut (p. 44). The Modern Language Association of America is making admirable use of its resources.

C. J. SISSON.



**The Art of Satire.** By DAVID WORCESTER. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press; London: H. Milford. 1940. Pp. x+191. \$1.75; 10s. net.

"Satire", says Mr. Worcester, "is the most rhetorical of all the kinds of literature", and his first aim is, accordingly, to construct "a simple rhetoric of satire". If we understand by "rhetoric" what Dr. I. A. Richards (following George Campbell) has taught us to understand, namely, "the art by which discourse is adapted to its end", we shall agree with Mr. Worcester. The general aim of satire, we may say, is to expose discrepancies between the ideal and the actual, and in order to do this successfully the satirist has to employ rhetorical stratagems. He must adapt his discourse in such a way as to win a hearing from his victims; he must strip the veil of familiarity from old abuses, and force upon those who accept the conventional order a vision of things as in themselves they really are, or at least as the satirist sees them. This is a difficult task, and it demands as much intellect and high seriousness as any other. That it can be accomplished is proved by Mr. Worcester's two instances: "The Pope himself read the *Moria* (of Erasmus) and laughed", and Buckingham, on reading the character of Zimri, "was too witty to resent it as an injury".

The successful use of rhetoric depends upon a knowledge of human nature, and in his excellent chapter on "Invective" Mr. Worcester shows why it is that good rhetoric may reach its mark where straight denunciation may miss. "Resist not him that is evil" is a maxim applicable beyond the sphere of ethics, and a scurrilous or righteously-indignant "God damn you" is a form of discourse less subtly adapted to its end than

I am his Highness's dog at Kew;  
Pray tell me, sir, whose dog are you?

The spectacle of naked wrath, as Mr. Worcester well observes, is painful and antagonizing; the satirist must, therefore, like all good artists, achieve coolness and detachment. Much of this book is devoted to classifying, with a profusion of examples, the successive devices whereby indignation is transmuted into art. First there is "Invective", in which the curse is heightened into literature by metaphor, epithet, epigram, ridicule, and other "wit mechanisms" intended to "circumvent mankind's prejudice against naked rage". There is "Burlesque", "low" and "high": "low" or "Hudibrastic" where the victim is degraded below his own standard, and "high" or "mock-heroic" where he is exalted above it. There is "Irony",

comic or tragic, which ranges from a rhetorical trope to "a way of facing the cosmos". Under this heading, with much else that is valuable, Mr. Worcester contrasts the irony of Swift, which is "purposeful" because it rests upon Swift's "moral integrity and quintessential sanity", with that of some of our contemporaries whose "shoulders are set in a perpetual shrug", and whose irony, therefore, conveys no criticism of life beyond a sense of frustration. A world in which "everything is ironical", he observes, "gives encouragement to the absolute authority of Nazism, Fascism, and Communism". After giving us his rhetorical analysis, Mr. Worcester adds a historical chapter showing that the rhetorical scale has, in fact, evolved historically, the simpler satiric forms occurring earlier in time, and the more complex later.

It will be seen that Mr. Worcester has allowed himself a few glimpses into the wider world beyond rhetorical categories. On the whole, however, he has kept within his self-imposed limits, and the student of satire will have to look elsewhere (in a book like Quintana's *Mind and Art of Swift*, for example) for a closer examination of the actual standards—common-sense, nature, reason, etc., as Mr. Worcester rightly indicates—by which satirists have measured the gap between ideal and actual, theory and fact. The section on Irony, also, could usefully be supplemented by further analysis of actual ironic passages, along the lines of F. R. Leavis's essay, *The Irony of Swift*. I could have wished for a more explanatory definition of Irony than "the flash given off when two contradictory absolutes collide"; and I am not sure that the distinction between comedy and satire—"if a sense of unity is produced by the common bearing of diverse illustrations, we are on the side of satire. If the operations of wit are promiscuous and casual, the presumption is in favour of comedy"—is as illuminating as Middleton Murry's simpler one, that satire refers to an absolute ideal outside society, and comedy to a conventional standard within it. But, taking *The Art of Satire* as a whole, it can be said that Mr. Worcester has seen a gap in literary criticism that needed filling, and filled it admirably. Students and "the general reader" alike should find his little book both useful and readable.

BASIL WILLEY.

**Matthew Prior. Poet and Diplomatist.** By CHARLES KENNETH EVES. New York: Columbia University Press; London: H. Milford. 1939. Pp. xiv+436. 26s. 6d. net.

There are two Matthew Priors, one a Plenipotentiary in a high wig and a heavily laced coat, the other a poet in a turban-like head-dress and plain clothes. Prior's two professions were carried on together and, as it is easier to find material for the life of a diplomat than for that of a poet, he has been well served by his biographers. Francis Bickley's *Life of Prior* published in 1914, and Mr. Wickham Legg's *Matthew Prior: A Study of His Public Career and Correspondence*, 1921, are both adequate books, but Mr. Eves has been able to draw on manuscript sources not utilized by his predecessors, and the result is a detailed but by no means tedious volume. Enough of the social and political background is given to enable the reader to form a clear picture of the kind of life Prior led and of the difficulties, mostly monetary, with which he had to contend. Mr. Eves has visited libraries in England, France, and America in search of information. He has full control over a large amount of material, and his book can be usefully consulted by anyone interested in the early part of the eighteenth century. It is inevitable that in a life of Prior the public servant should rather overshadow the poet, but frequent quotations bring one back from foreign affairs to literature.

HUGH MACDONALD.

**The First Magazine.** A History of "The Gentleman's Magazine," with an Account of Dr. Johnson's Editorial Activity and of the Notice given America in the MAGAZINE. By C. LENNART CARLSON. (Brown University Studies, Volume IV.) Providence, R.I.: Brown University. 1938. Pp. xiv+281. \$3.00.

Edward Cave seems to have suffered both during his life and in reputation after his death from the jealousy of those who looked on themselves as his superiors in education and social standing, but who were definitely his inferiors in the power to use such abilities as they possessed. A remnant of this feeling survives in the *D.N.B.*, where in the heading of the article upon him he is termed simply "printer", though indeed something like the word "adventurer" or "projector"—used in a good sense—would have better fitted him. He was obviously by nature a journalist, interested in all kinds of political and social development, in mechanical inventions, and in the more sensational discoveries in science; in fact, a conspicuously live man

of his time, though of course his title to fame is his planning and eventually, in his fortieth year, bringing into existence *The Gentleman's Magazine*, which he edited for some twenty-four years thereafter.

Previous accounts of Cave have, I think, generally given a more purely commercial and much less intelligent impression of Cave than does Mr. Carlson's, which shows him to have been a person of definite intelligence and enterprise. His idea of *The Gentleman's Magazine* was in a sense not original, for many people had had the idea of some sort of boiling down of the mass of current newspapers, and such things have, of course, continued to appear from his time to the present day, as may be instanced, in later times, by *The Review of Reviews* and by the various *Digests*, etc., of the present time. Cave, however, seems soon to have realized that it was not sufficient simply to reprint articles more or less at random from others, but that the duty of his Magazine must be to supply something original and attractive in itself. In two ways at least he seems to have been very keenly perceptive of the popular taste of his time. He saw that there was a serious and wide interest in politics, which seems to a certain extent to have taken the place of the interest in religious controversy of an earlier time. He also realized that there was a great interest in the writing of poetry. It is true that the poetry which appeared in *The Gentleman's Magazine* is for the most part of an exceedingly low level, but together with the poetry competitions which the magazine conducted it evidently aroused very wide interest.

It would have been much better if Mr. Carlson, instead of calling his book *A History of "The Gentleman's Magazine"*, had called it by some such title as *Edward Cave and "The Gentleman's Magazine"*, for though the magazine, which was founded in 1731, continued to exist in one form or another until 1922, Mr. Carlson's account ends with Cave's death in 1754, the rest of the remaining 165 years of the magazine's existence being covered by an Addendum of thirteen lines on the last page. It is at any rate as a life of Cave that we must regard the book. The first chapter is, in fact, entirely devoted to a life of Cave, extending from his birth in 1692 to his death in 1754. The second opens with the foundation of *The Gentleman's Magazine* in 1731, but at once returns to *The Gentleman's Journal* of 1692, and from this point onward gives an account of the various periodicals and miscellanies of the news-journal type which preceded the *G.M.*, including such things as Buckley's *Monthly Register*, founded in 1703. The succeeding chapters, III-VI, deal with the

progress and success of the magazine, in particular with the Parliamentary News, the Literary and Critical Essays, and with the Miscellanea and Scientific Items. Cave seems always to have had a strong, though very amateurish, interest in science and medicine, as well as in travel, but there seems, indeed, to have been no branch of human enquiry to which at one time or another he did not pay some attention, other, I believe, than theology.

Two additional chapters deal with special subjects, one with the *Magazine* and America, which incidentally deals with Cave's apparent interest in Franklin's electrical experiments (p. 185), of which the *G.M.* brought the first knowledge to the English public, and the other with the curious subject of the verse which the *G.M.* contains. It is surely one of the extraordinary things in literary history that magazines in former times printed so much verse and that so much of it should have been so bad.

Until at least the early years of the nineteenth century *The Gentleman's Magazine* was a magazine of standing and importance such as would be found in the homes of most gentlemen of worth. Mr. Carlson might, perhaps, have spared a line or two to mention the curious attempt to revive it on the old lines under the proprietorship of Lord Northcliffe and the editorship of A. H. Bullen in 1906, when for a year it had quite a distinguished little band of contributors, some of whom I mentioned in a letter to the *T.L.S.* (p. 487, June, 1931). I appear, however, to have been wrong in thinking that the magazine came to an end with Bullen's editorship, as according to Mr. Carlson it continued until 1922. Mr. Carlson's informative study is a welcome indication of the growing interest in eighteenth-century periodical literature, and is itself a distinctive contribution to our knowledge of that literature.

R. B. MCKERROW.

**Le Roman anglais au dix-huitième siècle.** By AURÉLIEN DIGEON. Paris: Henri Didier. 1940. Pp. 83. Paper.

Abel Chevalley, interpreter of the English novel for French appreciation, left his mantle on the shoulders of Professor Digeon, to whom he introduced me many years ago when the latter was at work upon Fielding. This commentary on the writers who at length established the English novel on sure foundations, after so many uncertain and heterogeneous endeavours, is not a report of new facts or new finds, but a penetrating survey that puts all that happened into the right perspective, and shows what each of the great innovators brought to

the equipment and scope of the novel as a technical instrument, versatile as the human mind, and as capable of the most recondite forms of specialization. In pithy terms Professor Digeon states the formula, as it were, of each particular genius—Defoe, Swift, Fielding, Richardson, Sterne, Goldsmith, Fanny Burney, and such minor but far from unimportant talents as Henry Brooke, Beckford, Dr. Johnson, Walpole, Mrs. Radcliffe, Clara Reeve, Godwin, and "Monk" Lewis. He stands at just the right distance to determine positive and relative values.

Defoe, he points out, was primarily a journalist: *Robinson Crusoe* is an incomparable work of "grand reportage" on the life of a solitary. The same brilliant gifts produced the *Journal of the Plague* and the *History of Colonel Jacque*. But *Crusoe's* dreams went much further, and *Moll Flanders* is vastly richer in human and psychological reality. Swift's *Gulliver* is distinguished from history by that complicity between reader and author that creates, side by side with workaday reality, a further reality, nourished thereby, a sublimated reality, not literally true but more significant, in a play zone which is that of art. The moralism falls flat altogether in *Clarissa*, which is a masterpiece because of Richardson's pathos. Squire Allworthy, the faithful portrait of Ralph Allen, is a notable illustration from Fielding of the principle that artistic truth is not identical with literal truth. With that *grand conteur* Smollett we go beyond Hogarth, we arrive at Rowlandson. The letters in *Humphry Clinker* are no such thing as psychological analysis; they merely give the episodes of a voyage among contemporary absurdities. For Sterne to be sentimental meant to play about with reality. As for *Rasselas*, it needs only a smile to put one's boredom to flight; but is there ever a smile in Johnson's periods? This brief tale found out how to seem long.

The periods of a Digeon are so neat that it is somewhat rash to try to put them into English. I only hope I may induce readers to look for more themselves.

ERNEST A. BAKER.

**The First American Novelist?** By GUSTAVUS H. MAYNADIER. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press; London: H. Milford. 1940. Pp. iv+79. \$1.25; 8s. net.

Lovers of Boswell have probably met Mrs. Charlotte Lennox, the subject of *The First American Novelist?* in a startling pronouncement by Dr. Johnson: "I dined yesterday at Mrs. Garrick's, with Mrs. Carter, Miss Hannah More, and Miss Fanny Burney. Three such



women are not to be found: I know not where I could find a fourth, except Mrs. Lennox, who is superior to them all"—and will be glad to know something further of her and her work.

In a charmingly written little book Professor Maynadier analyses her two novels, *The Life of Harriot Stuart* (1751) and *Euphemia* (1790), in which American scenes are first described in English fiction, though, as he regretfully states, neither is a "hundred per cent. American". Forty years lie between the publication of *Harriot Stuart* and *Euphemia*, and during that time Mrs. Lennox had been occupied with other novels, with translations, and with plays, but the two are linked by their common background. It may justly be claimed that the later novel gives proof of the lasting strength of childhood impressions, yet the English attitude to America has become very marked. Her friends commiserate with Euphemia, who is "doomed to waste" her days there, having "drawn a blank in the great lottery of life". Time had evidently mellowed Mrs. Lennox's memories. The Indians play little part in *Harriot Stuart*, but have "an air so savage and frightful that I could not look on them without trembling"; in *Euphemia* they are both picturesque and virtuous. In the earlier novel, in fact, though the scene changes, there is little of the local colour which might have made for interest. In *Euphemia* the descriptions of colonial life are more detailed and alive though the idea of such a background is not as original as Professor Maynadier implies. Mrs. Brooke, in her *History of Emily Montague* (London, 1769), gives a picture of colonial life in Quebec such as *Euphemia* gives of Albany. Mrs. Brooke describes the scenery of the St. Lawrence River with enthusiasm, as Mrs. Lennox devotes her only real description of natural scenery to the Hudson. According to the hero of *Emily Montague* there is little difference between Canada and New York, except that the former is wilder and the women are handsomer. Some features of *Euphemia* may well have been suggested by Mrs. Brooke, for she and Mrs. Lennox were both friends of Mrs. Mary Ann Yates, and Beloe mentions having met them both at her house.

The second part of this book Professor Maynadier devotes to some account of Mrs. Lennox's life. Here he has relied on the facts assembled by Miss Small, Mrs. Lennox's official biographer, and is not able to provide any proof of her American birth. While he suggests that there are autobiographical details in *Harriot Stuart* he overlooks the fact that the identification of Lady Cecilia with Lady Isabella Finch (one of the many daughters of Lord Nottingham,

Swift's "Dismal"), which is proved by contemporary reference, makes it extremely probable that more than the American part of the story is founded on fact.

It is perhaps unfortunate that in pursuit of his thesis the author has had to concentrate his attention on two books which cannot claim to be Mrs. Lennox's best work. He does, however, sketch the outline of *The Female Quixote*, on which her contemporary fame mainly rested and by which she finds her way into footnotes to-day.

It would be idle to attempt to revive the reputation of Charlotte Lennox or to suggest that this forgotten authoress may "come into her own", yet she has some real claims to remembrance which will be enhanced for American readers by this new one—that she is their first novelist.

A. M. KYNASTON.

**Coleridge the Talker.** A Series of Contemporary Descriptions and Comments with a Critical Introduction. By RICHARD W. ARMOUR and RAYMOND F. HOWES. Ithaca, New York: Cornell University Press; London: Humphrey Milford. 1940. Pp. xvi+480. \$4.00. 24s. net.

This handsome volume is really two books in one, the first hundred pages propounding a thesis the evidence for which is given, at generous length, in the next three hundred pages, which are followed by about eighty pages of notes. "That Coleridge was basically a talker is an interpretation suggested by numerous critics but never fully explored." (p. 22.) This sentence gives the authors' starting-point; their actual thesis goes somewhat further than that of any previous writer on this aspect of Coleridge's mind and temperament, as another quotation from the introduction will show:

That a man of genius may express himself in media other than words—in music, in sculpture, in the graphic arts—is obvious; but that he may, though dealing with words, be debarred by the quality of his mind from adequate communication in writing is a concept more difficult to understand and to accept.

Speaking and writing, it is maintained (one would have welcomed a fuller discussion of the psychology of this problem), are fundamentally different activities, and Coleridge had a gift for the former which lasted all his life, while his gift for the latter was always slight and uncertain, and virtually disappeared after *The Ancient Mariner*. Hence the chaotic disarray of his prose writings, the vain struggle to

impose order on a mass of mere memoranda, the improvisatorial nature of all his poems save those composed under the influence of Wordsworth and his sister. Hence also the occasional brilliance of his lectures and the almost invariable charm of his conversational monologues.

There is, of course, some truth in all this. At the lowest estimate it is a more plausible as well as a more attractive explanation of Coleridge's failure to carry out all the promise of his youth than the merely moralistic judgments passed by many of his biographers. And yet, like all over-neat solutions, it will hardly absorb all the facts. It has been observed that the atheist is faced with a "problem of good" as formidable as the deist's more familiar "problem of evil"; and similarly, whichever way we look at him, the paradox of Coleridge is in the glaring contrast between his best writing and his worst—between the poetry of his *annus mirabilis* and most of his other verse, between the finest parts of the *Biographia Literaria* and the almost unreadable *Friend*. To label him "basically a talker" may make it easier to forgive the badness of his bad writing, but leaves the goodness of his good writing still unexplained, unless we are to attribute to the influence of the Wordsworths an almost supernatural potency which, in the case of the prose at least, must be presumed to operate spasmodically far beyond the Somerset period.

The consequences of Coleridge's opium habit, though not, of course, entirely neglected, do not seem to be given anything like their due weight by these authors. The parallel with De Quincey supports the supposition that the chief injurious effect of the opium habit on men of literary genius is the destruction of "architectural" power—the power to co-ordinate large masses of material. It may, of course, fairly be doubted whether De Quincey could ever have displayed this power at all; but when we consider his remarkable command of "style" in the narrower sense we cannot be certain that he could never have produced, say, a nineteenth-century *Anatomy of Melancholy* if not a *Paradise Lost*. Coleridge, it is evident, did possess the power, in some degree at least, when he composed *The Ancient Mariner*, but it withered away soon afterwards; and though he retained the ability both to comprehend and to originate critical and philosophical ideas of great scope, value, and complexity, he became quite incapable of ordering and expounding them satisfactorily whether by the written or by the spoken word. Carlyle's famous account of the last phase shows a characteristic blindness to the charm, elsewhere so well

attested (was there ever a great man so utterly lacking in charm as Carlyle?); but its exposure of the later Coleridge's inability to discuss large ideas intelligibly is supported by too much evidence from other quarters to justify our attributing it to mere jealousy.

It does then seem to be true that the manner or style of Coleridge's talk retained to the very end much of that strange "incantatory" charm which distinguishes his finest poetry, though oddly enough there is little or no trace of it in his prose. His conversation, and the records and descriptions of it which have come down to us, have in consequence an importance which has perhaps been underrated; and so far, at least, we may well approve the emphasis laid on it by these writers, and accept as something which was worth doing, and which has on the whole been well done, the extensive collection of material filling the body of the book.

To embark on an examination of the positive value of these records and descriptions—of how far, say, they approach or fall short of the standard set by Boswell—would require both more space and more knowledge than the present reviewer has at his command. The editors themselves, though not unnaturally inclining to a favourable view, seem to hesitate somewhat; and here it need only be said that almost all the materials are provided for making a final judgment, if anyone should be bold enough to attempt it.

Many extracts are, of course, familiar; but they take on a new interest in their surroundings. Thus John Sterling's own record of a three-hour interview is in piquant contrast with Carlyle's embittered half-truths; and it is fascinating, again, to compare both with other well-known accounts, by Hazlitt, De Quincey, Crabb Robinson, and various members of the Coleridge family. Inevitably many of the lesser lights chronicle little but small beer; yet it would not be easy to mention more than two or three passages which could have been omitted without some loss, however slight. Half-a-dozen or so of the little-known contributions are of very considerable interest and value. Those of the Earl of Dunraven, Anne Mathews, Thomas Methuen, and Julian Young were known to the biographers; but two of the best seem to have escaped the attention even of the almost omniscient Sir Edmund Chambers. These are the dialogue recorded by John Frere (nephew of Hookham Frere) in 1830, printed first in the *Cornhill* in 1917; and a careful account by a young Frenchman, Philarète Charles, of several conversations of which he was an auditor about 1820.

I can refer to only two items which might have been included, but seem to have escaped the editors' vigilance. One is a vivid little description, unluckily fragmentary, by the poet Clare (p. 225 of the *Life* by J. W. and A. Tibble, 1932); the other is a series of extracts from the diary and letters of Sir Henry Taylor to be found in his daughter Una Taylor's *Guests and Memories* (1924; see pp. 55-61), which would have supplemented the rather meagre gleanings from Taylor's *Correspondence* and *Autobiography* given here.

The principle of selection adopted is not quite consistently adhered to. The intention was evidently to represent copious and readily accessible sources (e.g. H. N. Coleridge, Payne Collier, and Crabb Robinson) by appropriate samples only. Yet while the passages from H. N. Coleridge are all purely descriptive, none of his actual records of what was said being given, J. T. Coleridge yields no description, but a long and not remarkably interesting record which, as it comes straight from the well-known *Table Talk*, can only have got in by an oversight.

Arrangement is by alphabetical order of the writers' (or recorders') names, which is awkward but probably inevitable. Each contributor is introduced by a brief headnote; the information given here is generally very accurate and well presented (though there are one or two slips in the note on Henry Cary). The much more copious notes at the end of the volume are less satisfactory, being indeed curiously amateurish as compared with the rest of the work. Far too many extracts, some of considerable length, are tucked away here when they should be either given in the body of the book or jettisoned entirely. Page references to the sources of all quotations are given with painful and mostly needless minuteness. There are numerous strings of such notes (e.g. p. 424, notes 45-70). The author and the work quoted from are *separately* identified in two distinct notes to one passage (on pp. 151-2). A similar strange suspension of common sense appears in the merciless misuse of that harmless contraction "*op. cit.*" Thus in a note on p. 445, under Frances Allen, we read: "Litchfield, *op. cit.*, p. 124"; and to discover who or what "Litchfield" may be we must either nose our way right back to p. 429, where the title and date (*Tom Wedgwood*, 1903) are given for the first and only time, or track it down through the index—not under Litchfield but under Allen, and *via* a note to a quite different passage, on page 72! Nor is this an isolated absurdity. A short-title list of works cited would, of course, save all this trouble.

Curiously enough the notes, over-copious in one respect, are inadequate in another: very few of the allusions in the extracts are explained. True, it is difficult to draw a line at the right point where such notes are concerned, but that is no good reason for omitting them almost entirely. It is to be regretted that, in these subsidiary but not unimportant matters, the work falls short of the highest standards of scholarship.

R. W. KING.

**A History of the Romantic Movement in Spain.** By E. ALLISON PEERS. Cambridge University Press. 1940. 2 vols. Vol. I, pp. xxvi+349; vol. II, pp. xii+470. 50s. net.

The general public, which knows Professor Allison Peers as an authority on the Spanish mystics, as the writer of two standard works on the Spanish Civil War, and perhaps as an editor or translator, may be surprised to learn that his activities as such were incidental to some twenty years' research on the Spanish Romantic Movement, single aspects of which he has treated in various monographs and articles. The combined results of his investigations are published in this his *magnum opus*. And a gap, large and intimidating, that no one else has had the courage even to examine, is now entirely closed.

That Hispanists should have recoiled from the idea of writing the history of so important a phenomenon as the Romantic Movement of a country as innately Romantic as Spain is not as inexplicable as to a student of English it might sound. Quite apart from the Spaniard's aversion to keeping records of his own literature, and quite apart from his failure to provide his libraries with public catalogues, his books with indexes and bibliographies, and more than half of his original texts with dates, there were problems inherent in the wilderness of this particular subject that seemed to call, not for one investigator, but for a minimum of ten. The Spanish Romantic Movement, which had been confused, even by Spaniards, both with the innate romanticism of Spain and with the nineteenth-century Romantic Movement in England, France, and Germany, had been loosely described and accounted for from the standpoint simply of England, France, and Germany. No one had troubled to record, much less to analyse, the contradictory theories of Spanish nineteenth-century critics. A mass of Romantic literature and of reviews, Madrid journals and theatre-lists, records of literary clubs and



societies, and provincial documents had never been consulted at all. No wonder writers on the nineteenth century had been growing vaguer and vaguer! And no wonder the gap looked formidable!

The solutions to the many problems as to the nature, development, and effect of the Movement are given in the *History* in great detail and with full documentary evidence, until the wilderness is reduced to order. The work extends, for general purposes, over nearly three centuries, and in detail it treats not only of the Romantics and all their works but of the whole literary life of the nineteenth century. In the early stages of his investigations Professor Peers discovered that, despite the glib and untested references to its "triumph", the Spanish Romantic Movement in both its aspects (which he terms "Revival" and "Revolt") was in fact a failure, except in the imaginations of those writers who lived in dreams of its success and of those critics who regarded all nineteenth-century figures as potential Byrons and Hugos. The real triumph he proves to have been that of eclecticism—the collaboration of the eternal Don Quixote and Sancho Panza in which Spain is at her best.

It should not be thought, however, that Professor Peers merely presents a thesis. He is too sane to be drawn personally into the Classicist-Romantic controversies which trap the amateur, though he is too acute a psychologist to miss any of the significance of these. His *History* is a piece of dispassionate scholarship in which multitudinous details have been analysed and co-ordinated with scientific skill.

Of special interest are the chapters on English influences. England, who once had regularly borrowed plots for her Comedies of Errors from the inexhaustible stocks of Spanish cloak-and-sword plays, repaid the debt, not indeed with the resurrected Shakespeare, whom Spain has never wholly appreciated, but with Scott, "the Cervantes of Scotland" as a Spanish writer called him (I. 107), and the most popular and influential of all Spain's foreign heroes, not excluding the European god Hugo. The treatment of many other English, and of French, German, and Italian, influences testifies to the broad scale on which the work is planned.

I. L. McCLELLAND.

**Hali Meïðhad.** Edited from MS. Bodley 34 and MS. Cotton Titus D xviii by A. F. COLBORN. Copenhagen: Munksgaard; London: H. Milford. 1940. Pp. 143.

Mr. Colborn has produced an edition of *Hali Meïðhad* which will interest those who already have a knowledge of the texts of the

Katharine Group and of the recent work that has been done on them. It is not a book for the beginner, and even the reader who is at home in the field will not find it easy to work with, for, though it contains good matter, this is often ill arranged and incomplete.

The edition follows the plan of Furnivall's E.E.T.S. edition in that it reproduces the texts of MSS. Bodley 34 (B) and Cotton Titus D xviii (T) side by side, without any alterations of the manuscript readings; but Mr. Colborn has provided (in footnotes) much fuller information about the state of the manuscript texts. His careful presentation of them and the emendations and explanations of variant readings which he suggests will be valuable, but the student of textual problems will find his work complicated by the necessity of looking in three different places for the editor's views. Emendations of a number of obvious scribal errors are noted at the foot of each text, a list of "Divergences of the Manuscripts", together with a few explanations, appears on pp. 56-9, and a few other variant readings are discussed in the notes. The same kind of explanation is given sometimes in one section, sometimes in another (*cf.* the comment on l. 363 on p. 58, and the note on l. 90 on p. 112). There is, moreover, no certainty that a search in any of these places will be rewarded, for the points which have received comment appear to have been selected on no clear principle. A brief comparison of the texts of the two manuscripts shows that the list of "divergences" is far from complete and that there are many instances of better readings in T (as against B) which could be added to those given on p. 59. Examples of better T readings are:

B	T	B	T
136 <i>an</i>	<i>an zeoue</i>	424 <i>þer</i>	<i>her</i>
141 <i>ƿ þet</i>	<i>forþi hit is</i>	462 <i>hire unwill</i>	<i>hire unwill drehen</i>
142 <i>godd</i>	<i>godd leof</i>	527 ( <i>ter wið.</i> ) <i>ƿ</i>	( <i>þer wið.</i> ) <i>i</i>
157 ( <i>þet</i> ) <i>is þe</i>	( <i>þat</i> ) <i>i þis</i>	618 <i>hire (keaste)</i>	<i>ha (cast) hire</i>
301 <i>al</i>	<i>al is</i>		<i>ure</i>
345 <i>Is hit</i>	<i>hit is</i>	621 <i>he don</i>	<i>ha don</i>
407 <i>ƿe</i>	<i>he</i>	689 <i>wite</i>	<i>wite me</i>
410 <i>goder heale. him</i>	<i>goderheale þin</i>	700 <i>ƿ ti</i>	<i>ƿ om.</i>
421 <i>Ah</i>	<i>Al</i>		

Other variants, the interpretation of which is less certain, need some discussion; an example occurs in l. 324, where the correct reading is probably to be obtained by combining the B and T readings to give *Of þes þreo hat. Meiðhad. ƿ widewehad. ƿ wedlac þe þridde.*

These omissions, not perhaps serious in themselves, indicate that

the editor has not thoroughly investigated the problem of the relationship of these two texts. He is therefore content to repeat, often verbatim, the arguments which Professor Tolkien used to prove that MS. B and the Corpus MS. of *Ancrene Wisse* "are substantially in the very language of the original works, and belong to the same place and approximately the same time as those works and their authors or author" (p. 50), to dismiss T as "a typical example of what happens when a scribe copies matter that is not in his own dialect" (p. 55), and to conclude that "On the whole the B text is preferable in points of context, alliteration, and sense" (p. 59). There is no sign that he has recognized the complexity of the relationships of manuscripts of the Katharine Group texts, and he appears to have ignored the implications of a significant note in Miss d'Ardenne's edition of *Seinte Iulene* which states that "T in fact often preserved forms and spellings more characteristic of A (=Corpus MS. of *Ancrene Wisse*) than does B itself, and in general, especially in K, would seem to derive from good copies textually and linguistically superior to B" (cf. d'Ardenne, p. xxxiv, note 1). The failure of the editor to deal thoroughly with this matter is the more regrettable because the few comments that he does make bear witness to his ability to tackle textual problems (e.g. see notes on ll. 318, 319).

Mr. Colborn's handling of the task of interpreting the text is open to similar criticism. The edition contains no glossary and it is usually not easy to discover whether any suggestion has been offered about the meaning of a word or phrase. Some of the editor's glosses are embedded in the account of the linguistic features of the text (pp. 60-110), a few are to be found in the Index of Words, and the meaning of some words is fully discussed in the Notes. But there are a good many fairly uncommon meanings and usages that have gone quite unnoticed. The following have been chosen as illustrations: 84 *edlich* "worthless" (cf. d'Ardenne, *S. Iulene*, 89); 101 *o nont* "equal to" (cf. *O.E.D.* *anent*, 2); 230 *eise* "opportunity"; 372 *biheue*, used as substantive meaning "advantage" (cf. d'Ardenne, *loc. cit.*, glossary); 388-9 *wel igederet* "well consorted" (cf. also l. 483); 456 *edele* (T. *edell*) adj. "patrimonial" (this meaning given by Furnivall seems to be correct, but his derivation of the word from O.E. *æpele* is hardly possible; it is more likely to be connected with O.E. *ēpel*, which can mean "patrimony"); 693 *wrenchfule* "full of tricks" (cf. *O.E.D.* where the only references are to early West Midland texts). There is, too, in this, as in other texts of the Katharine Group, a number of

passages in which the meaning is implied rather than fully expressed, such as, for example, ll. 424-7 (. . . *mare*). Furnivall's edition includes a translation which provides his explanation of these passages; in this edition, which contains neither translation nor glossary, some comment might have been expected in the Notes. When, however, Mr. Colborn does deal with problems of interpretation, he has some valuable help to offer, particularly in tracing the connections of a word or phrase. The notes on 82 *frakele*, 173 *wurdinge*, 223 *untuliche*, 296 *reng*, 478 MSS. *medi wið wicchen*, 510, 551 *suti*, 709 *unþonc in his teð*, 714 *wori* all merit consideration.

The account of the linguistic characteristics of the text is the best and most comprehensive part of the book. It is not as thorough as Miss d'Ardenne's study of the language of *Seinte Iuliene*; if, for example, one compares the two discussions of the spellings *ea* and *e* for the earlier forms *ĕa*, *ǣ*, and *ē* (Colborn, pp. 61-4, d'Ardenne, pp. 181-5), one finds that, whereas Miss d'Ardenne is able to show that indiscriminate interchange of the spellings *ea* and *e* is not usual and when it does occur can often be explained (*cf.* especially p. 182), Mr. Colborn's less thorough investigation leaves one with the impression that the use of these two spellings is more indiscriminate than is probably the case. The treatment of the form *dreaieð* (*dreaien*) by the two editors provides another example; Mr. Colborn merely records the form (p. 92) and refers it to "V.Ps type \**drægeð*" (p. 111), Miss d'Ardenne discusses the relation of the verb *dreaien* to the variant form *drahen* (p. 245). But as a rule, in this section, Mr. Colborn takes account of the work of his predecessors and he can sometimes supplement it or offer justifiable criticism of it. For instance, after considering Miss d'Ardenne's explanation of the forms of the verb *warpen*, he rejects it on various reasonable grounds and offers other plausible suggestions (p. 91). In the Notes the student of Middle English phonology and grammar will find a good deal to interest him; for example, the discussions of the forms *ibrowden* 146, *seorhfuliche* 227, *etstutten* 288 (here Mr. Colborn disagrees with Miss d'Ardenne), *zettede* 300, *doskin* 515, and of the ending *-es* in *soð cnawes* 346 (which adds something to Miss d'Ardenne's explanation). The note on *egede* 557 attempts an explanation of a form left unexplained in Miss Mack's edition of *Seinte Marherete*.

There is a slip on p. 62, where the long vowel *æ* is said to be the "mutation of Gmc. *ā*", and two misprints have been detected in the references in the Index of Words (*cf.* p. 139, *trust* should be referred

to § 128; p. 142, the note on *weimeres* is on p. 115), but as a whole the book is careful in such matters. It is unfortunate that the printer could not have produced a clearer italicized *æ*; his form of it is almost indistinguishable from italicized *æ*.

Since the note of criticism has been frequent in this review, it should, in conclusion, be clearly stated that the edition is (except in the matter of arrangement) on the right lines. It is, however, to be regarded rather as an "essay towards an edition" than the completed thing.

DOROTHY EVERETT.

**Nominal Compounds in Germanic.** By CHARLES T. CARR. (St. Andrews University Publications No. XVI.) London: Humphrey Milford. 1939. Pp. xxxvi+497. 18s. net.

Mr. Carr is greatly to be congratulated on the seasoned thoroughness of this interesting and comprehensive work. The study of Germanic nominal compounds is an onerous if engrossing task. In its accomplishment here there are no signs of either haste or weariness, no loose ends or thin patches; the treatment throughout is well-knit and judicious and pleurably lucid. Introduction and index leave nothing to be desired, and misprints are rare—there is one at the bottom of page xxiv: *der Kriemhildes man* for *der Kriemhilde man*, otherwise a commendable accuracy in points of detail. Corrective criticism lies outside the range of the present reviewer, whose interest in this particular field does not justify a claim to equality with the author on the ground of which he has made himself master. A more searching and expert criticism than that offered here will be found in the review by Edward Sehr published a year ago in *Modern Language Notes*, Vol. LIV, No. 8.

The book is divided into three parts, the contents of which are summarized by the author as follows:

In Part I of this work an attempt is made to determine the stock of Primitive Germanic and West Germanic compounds by the comparative method. . . . After the stock of compounds has been set forth, the morphology of the types and the semantic relation between the members are analysed in Part II, and finally, in Part III, certain stylistic aspects of the compounds in poetry and prose are considered. (Introduction, pp. xxxiv and xxxvi.)

Part I is a useful lexicon, well documented, and furnished with precise and clarifying annotations. The inter-Germanic borrowings are first marshalled and set aside, leaving the ground free for the

establishment of the Primitive Germanic compounds, in groups varying from those shared by all three branches—East, North, and West Germanic—to those shared by two languages only, e.g. Norse-English. Since in the latter case the choice between primitive compound and independent formation is naturally unsure, the author has been careful to limit the number of possibly primitive forms in the narrower groups, following these up with a separate chapter on independent formations. The West Germanic compounds are similarly treated, with the same kind of differentiation between old and new.

Part II deals with various aspects, morphological and semantic, under which the material gathered can be most fruitfully studied. Portions which may be singled out as especially enlightening are those on Substantive Bahuvrihis, on determinatives of the type verb+noun, on intensifiers and composition suffixes. In the author's view, Substantive (no less than Adjective) Bahuvrihis belonged to the primitive word-stock, and the fact of their not being recorded in early times has a natural explanation:

They belong primarily to the vulgar or non-literary stratum of the Germanic languages. They are not formations which one would expect to find in the translation prose of early Germanic (hence their entire absence from Gothic) or in the alliterative poetry with its heroic style far removed from everyday speech. For the same reason they are avoided by the ME. and MHG. poets to whom they appeared as vulgar formations. It was not until the rise of a more popular literature in the 14th and 15th centuries that these popular Substantive Bahuvrihis gained an entry into literature. A few are found in MHG. poetry, characteristically in the more popular poems. (p. 169.)

Examples of these last are taken from the *Kaiserchronik*, *Herzog Ernst*, the *Rosengarten*, the *Renner*, one also from Wolfram's *Willehalm* (the expressive *sundermunt*). The vivid nicknames in *Meier Helmbrecht*—Wolvesguome, Wolvesdrüzzel, Wolvesdarme—might have been added.

Part III is full of stimulating deductions. The Gothic compounds give weight to the view that the language of Wulfila, while to a great extent ruled by strict conformity to the Greek original, also displays a good deal of idiomatic freedom: where the same Greek word is translated in one place by a compound, in another by a simplex, the compound is generally used to express, as in the Germanic alliterative poetry, a heightening of style. For instance, the Greek *κενός* is translated by *laushandja* (empty-handed), in another place by *laus*;



λίμνη is rendered by both *merisaiws* and *saiws*, *παῖς* by *piumagus* and *magus*.

The wealth of compounds in the Old High German translation of Tatian is compared, to the detriment of the latter, with their relative paucity in that of Isidore. (We notice that Mr. Carr writes *Isidor*, obviously under German influence; the expressions *Tatian translation*, *Isidor translation* are also literal copies of the German *Tatianübersetzung*, *Isidoriübersetzung*.) Mr. Carr re-affirms Gutmacher's discovery of archaic word-material in the East Frankish *Tatian*, but shows conclusively that the bulk of the compounds belong to the common vocabulary of OHG, "and that these links with the later vocabulary of OHG are far more numerous than those with OE and LG". The fact of this twofold aspect certainly gives a new value to a work which is generally dispraised for its literal manner of translation.

The variety of compounds in Notker's prose is shown to demonstrate the experimental trend of his language, the translator's recurring search for the *mot juste*. This is quite different from the artistic use of the compounds in the old alliterative poetry (and in Gothic prose).

The variations in the alliterative poetry are repetitions of the same idea, introduced to heighten the pathos of the verse and to impress the meaning on those who were listening to the recitation of the poem. They are made possible by a wealth of synonyms in the poetical language of the time. Notker's variations, on the other hand, are evidence of his inability to express the difficult religious and philosophical conceptions of his originals with the existing resources of the German language. In varying his translations of the same Latin word or phrase Notker is seeking the "mot juste", striving for precision in expression, and attempting to bring out more precisely the meaning of the Latin terms in each particular context.  
(p. 397.)

A true and interesting statement, but in justice to Notker there is more to say, and Mr. Carr does not say it. He lays the sole stress on Notker's didactic aim. "He does not vary his terminology for the sake of introducing synonyms to relieve the monotony of his translation, but solely to make his meaning clear." Granted this is so, and admitting that Notker's aim was didactic rather than artistic, the result remains that, whatever his motive, he achieved a prose style of unusual and at times haunting beauty. To its felicities Mr. Carr appears to have turned a deaf ear.

He is also not quite fair to the poet of the *Heliand*. It is undeniably

true that the poetic compounds of ON and OE far exceed in creative vitality and in their wealth of concrete associations the monotonous stock of the Saxon poet. Yet, even so, here as in the case of Notker the comparative method drives out of sight individual qualities which one must assess before stating that "the final judgment on the Heliand poet cannot be favourable". The coolness of the verdict is, however, quite justly due to misplaced and exaggerated praise of that very side in which the Saxon poet is eclipsed by the makers of the Old English Biblical epic, his predecessors.

The concluding chapter deals with the survivals of poetic compounds in Middle English and Middle High German. An interesting light is shed on the *Rolandslied*, in which are discovered archaic compounds like *goldwine*, *wicliet*, *walstrāze* and others surviving from the older tradition of alliterative verse. One's regrets are sharpened anew for the loss of the twelfth-century forms of the MHG *Heldenepen*. The *Rolandslied* gives one a hint of the old and vivid words by which those earlier forms must have been enriched. But it surely is going too far to suggest "that Konrad, the poet of the *Rolandslied*, had some knowledge of the older alliterative poetry". The transition from alliterative to rhyming verse must have been past by then. The inference would be that its characteristic word-stock still survived, despite the change of technique.

Mr. Carr's work is a fine contribution to philological study; and with the excellence of the matter is combined the advantage of a clear, flexible, and cultured style.

M. F. RICHEY.

#### SHORT NOTICES

**The Pastoral Elegy.** An Anthology. Edited with Introduction, Commentary, and Notes by THOMAS PERRIN HARRISON, Jr. English Translations by HARRY JOSHUA LEON. Austin: The University of Texas. 1939. Pp. xii + 312. \$2.50.

Professor Harrison has produced a historical anthology of pastoral elegy ranging from Theocritus to Arnold by way of Nemesian, Radbert, Castiglione, Baif, Drummond, Philips—to name the least obvious steps. With the aid of an excellent introduction which keeps count of the temporary intrusion or permanent encrustation of new elements, and of the briefest to-the-point annotations, the sequence of poems composes a whole as instructive as it is, of course, pleasant. When a form is as learned as the pastoral soon became, and almost always remained (even Shelley described *Adonais* as "a highly wrought piece of art"), each new instance falls into conscious relation to its predecessors, and for this reason an historical anthology is also a family tree of which the items are living pieces of literature. The book ends with a useful *Selective Catalogue of Proper Names*, and also provides short bibliographies. Professor Leon's translations appear side by side with their originals except where those originals are Greek.

G. T.

**Perilous Balance. The Tragic Genius of Swift, Johnson, and Sterne.** By W. B. C. WATKINS. Princeton University Press; London: Humphrey Milford. 1939. Pp. x+172. \$2.00; 12s. net.

This is a well-written, discerning, and interesting book in which the argument is elaborated in five distinct essays, each of which might well stand by itself. The title and epigraph suggest the theme—that Swift, Johnson, and Sterne “waged a lifelong battle against disease, melancholia, tragedy”. For Swift, Professor Watkins concludes, the battle ended in defeat, a surrender to “disillusion and despair”; Johnson, by the discipline of will-power, maintained a precarious balance; and Sterne sought escape from the sombre realities of life in illusion. This book is not, however, merely a study in sharply contrasted portraiture. Professor Watkins is conscious of danger in accentuating lights and shadows for the purpose of effect. Or, to use his own simile, he recognizes the peril of balancing biographical parallels.

The melancholy which pursued the three subjects of this study can, in some degree, be attributed to physical causes. Ill health pursued Swift, Johnson, and Sterne; and for each of them the sunlight was pale. It is, however, a mistake to accept the common opinion, which Professor Watkins appears to harbour, that Swift's reaction was savage disillusion. His satire, even if he doubted its efficacy, was directed to mend the world. It is true, if we contrast him with Johnson, that the measure of hope he entertained was not large. Swift, who was accustomed on his birthday to read the third chapter of Job, believed, as other rational men have, that it were better never to have been born; Johnson, whose imagination was haunted by the terrors of death, held that “however unhappy any man's existence may be, he would rather have it than not exist at all”, a very questionable affirmation; and Sterne, lacking the depth of the other two, could not bear to think seriously upon these things.

But it would be unfair to suggest that Professor Watkins' book is shrouded in the thought of life's final tragedy. He writes admirably of the imaginative intensity of Swift's prose style, of the fusion of emotion and intellect in his genius. He shows, despite the puzzling incompatibilities, the integrity of Johnson's personality, grounded upon the austere love of truth. He defends Sterne's character against common misunderstanding and disparagement.

The book ends on a sin of omission—the want of an index.

HAROLD WILLIAMS.

**David Garrick, Dramatist.** By ELIZABETH P. STEIN. New York: The Modern Language Association of America. 1938. Pp. xx+315. \$2.50.

Miss Stein has surveyed Garrick's career as a dramatist and adequately described each of his separate dramatic works—his plays, pantomimes, interludes, burlesques, and what not. Her book makes interesting use of the *MS. Diaries of Drury Lane Theatre*, for the discovery of which she is to be congratulated. But the circumstantial redundancy which mars her account of that discovery reappears as an unwillingness to be concise in treating works which are not complex or valuable enough to bear laboured attention. Miss Stein points out useful comparisons and contrasts between Garrick's work and that of his predecessors, omitting—it is a small point—the earlier appearance of Urganda in Lansdowne's *British Enchanters*. Other small deficiencies are as follows: Pope's applying the epithet “immortal” to Rich is not to be taken at its face value; Hogarth's *Farmers Return*, reproduced opposite p. 164, is described as a “print in the Theatre Collection of the Harvard College Library”, but not also as frontispiece to the printed version of the “playlet”; the letters of Horace Walpole are drawn on, but not those of Garrick's friend, Gray.

G. T.

## SUMMARY OF PERIODICAL LITERATURE

BY ALICE WALKER

BULLETIN OF THE JOHN RYLANDS LIBRARY, Vol. XXIV., No. 2, October 1940—

A short account of the recently discovered copy of Edward Hall's *Union of the noble Houses of Lancaster and York*, notable for its manuscript additions (Alan Keen), pp. 255-62.

Some manuscripts of the *Libelle of Englyshe Polycye* (F. Taylor), pp. 376-418.

MODERN LANGUAGE NOTES, Vol. LV., No. 7, November 1940—

Copyhold tenure and *Macbeth*, III, ii, 38 (Paul S. Clarkson and Clyde T. Warren), pp. 483-93.

Un sonnet de William Drummond et son point de départ dans *La Semaine de Du Bartas* (Fernand Baldensperger), pp. 493-5.

MODERN LANGUAGE REVIEW, Vol. XXXV., No. 4, October 1940—

Time, place, and politics in *King Lear* (W. W. Greg), pp. 431-46.

George Dyer and English radicalism (M. Ray Adams), pp. 447-69.

Notes on Henry Porter (J. M. Nosworthy), pp. 517-21.

The psychology of Shakespeare's Timon (John W. Draper), pp. 521-5.

A sequel to *Don Juan* (E. R. Seary), pp. 526-9.

On George Longmore's imitation of *Don Juan*, published in Cape Town, 1850.

NOTES AND QUERIES, Vol. 179, September 7, 1940—

A poem by Henry Kirke White (T. O. Mabbott), pp. 164-5.

The Savill portrait of Samuel Pepys (Donald Dale), pp. 165-7.

*Addendum*, September 21, pp. 207-8.

— September 14—

Notes on Milton (E. H. Visiak), pp. 184-6.

Continued October 19, pp. 276-8; concluded November 2, pp. 311-4.

— September 21—

Gerard Gossen: a forgotten Elizabethan physician and pamphleteer (William Ringler), pp. 203-4.

Further information from A. W. Haggis, October 19, p. 282.

De Quincey: some objections and corrections (V.R.), pp. 204-7.

Continued, December 14, pp. 417-20; concluded December 21, pp. 434-6

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The death of Edward II in Marlowe's play (H. W. Crundell), p. 207.

A biblical echo.

Edmund Spenser's brother-in-law, John Travers (E. St. John Brooks), p. 211.

Cf. *N. & Q.*, August 3, pp. 74-8; August 17, pp. 112-5; August 24, p. 139.

### NOTES AND QUERIES, September 28—

*Alphonsus, Emperor of Germany* (William Wells), pp. 218-23.

In support of Kyd's authorship; concluded October 5, pp. 236-40.

English words in French (Ronald Leslie-Melville), pp. 225-8.

Concluded, October 5, pp. 246-8.

Izaak Walton's "Honest Nat. and R. Roe": Nathaniel Stringer (Arthur M. Coon), pp. 228-9.

Cf. *N. & Q.*, April 20, pp. 276-7; May 25, p. 377.

Some additions to the slang dictionaries (Wm. Jaggard), p. 232.

Cf. *N. & Q.*, June 1, pp. 380-3; June 29, pp. 462-3.

### — October 12—

Dryden's anti-clericalism (E. S. de Beer), pp. 254-7.

Illustrations of Tennyson (G. G. Loane), pp. 258-60.

Concluded October 19, pp. 274-6.

### — October 19—

Samuel Pepys's "little plates" (G. H. D.), p. 278.

Reply from Donald Dale, November 2, pp. 319-20.

### — November 2—

Items of Elizabethan usage (John J. Elson), p. 314.

Information on word-usage in Whetstone's *Promos and Cassandra*: supplementary to the *O.E.D.*

### — November 23—

*Paradise Lost*, i. 756: Capital v. Capitol (C. W. Brodribb), pp. 370-1.

### — November 30—

Pepys and the Great North Road (A. L. Humphreys), pp. 380-4.

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Richard Lely and his friends (Henry Wesley Yocom), pp. 385-7.

### — December 21—

Defoe, Selkirk and John Atkins (John Robert Moore), pp. 436-8.

Dryden: date of a Prologue, "Gallants, a bashful poet" (E. S. de Beer), pp. 440-1.

### STUDIES IN PHILOLOGY, Vol. XXXVII, No. 4, October 1940—

Sixteenth- and seventeenth-century satire against grain engrossers (Burton Milligan), pp. 585-97.

Arthur Murphy's commonplace-book (J. Homer Caskey), pp. 598-609.

Wordsworth: the property of fortitude (Bennett Weaver), pp. 610-31.

Shelley, Godwin, Hume, and the doctrine of necessity (Frank B. Evans, III), pp. 632-40.

Browning's casuists (William O. Raymond), pp. 641-66.

Recent trends in Victorian studies: 1932-1939 (Charles Frederick Harrold), pp. 667-97.

TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT, September 14, 1940—

Annotations by Shakespeare? (R. F. W. Fletcher), p. 471.

Evidence that Holinshed and not Hall was the source of *Henry V* and its bearing on the suggestion in *The Times*, August 29, p. 5. Further correspondence from W. W. Greg, September 28, p. 500; reply from Alan Keen, October 12, p. 519.

— September 21—

John Foxe and Shipton (E. St. John Brooks), p. 483.

Scott's book marginalia (W. M. Parker), p. 488.

On a transcript of extracts from Scott's marginal notes on some of his Abbotsford Library books. Continued September 28, p. 500; concluded October 5, p. 512.

— October 19—

A conundrum for Trollopians (Michael Sadleir), p. 536.

Replies from S. Nowell Smith, Michael Oliphant, and G.M.I.B., October 26, p. 548.

— October 26—

"The Telegraph Girl" (W. M. Parker), p. 548.

A letter from Trollope, now in the National Library of Scotland, explaining how he came to write this story and an article, "The Young Women at the London Telegraph Office".

— November 9—

The last of "Mansfield Park" (Ellinor W. Hughes), p. 572.

On the demolition of Harlestone House, Northampton.

— November 30—

Lockhart on *Don Juan* (Alan Lang Strout), p. 608.

On *A Letter to the Right Hon. Lord Byron*, 1821, and some unpublished letters of Lockhart and Coker establishing Lockhart's authorship of the piece.



